NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877.

VOLUME XXV.—No. 1. Price Ten Cents.

THE HALCYON TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY EMAC CROOK.

I will fashion a rhyme for that halcyon time
When Truth shall triumph and Love shall reign,
When honest endeavor shall serve as a lever
To raise mankind to a loftier plane.

When the nobles of earth shall bow to the worth
Of lusty yeomen, whose hearts are true,
And they who inherit, not gold, but merit,
Shall reap reward for the deeds they do.

Then all that is good shall grow as it should,
And evil shall steal away like a thief,
And lofty desire the soul shall inspire,
While Faith shall silver the clouds of grief.

No charlatan then, with malice toward men,
Shall mount to fame by the ladder of fraud:
Nor tricksters shallow, nor hypocrites callow,
Be able to cause the world to applaud.

Contented to work, disdaining to shirk,
The worthy shall labor as best they can,
And the marvelous beauty that lies in duty
Shall dawn on the clearer vision of man.

No prejudice blind shall warp the mind,
Nor bigotry darken and narrow the soul;
The sweetness of living shall be in forgiving,
And again shall the lame and the halt be whole.

In that good time which I sing in my rhyme
No rogue shall live in gluttonous ease;
Nor the poor be oppressed by ignorance, dressed
In the purple and linen of fat Pharisees.

Not pompous with pride, on the opposite side,
Shall the rich pass deaf to Charity's call;
Nor the wounded and dying be left to their sighing,
For men shall be turned to Samaritans all!

And the spirit of love which comes from above
Shall rule with a power that all may own;
And Magdalen, pleading, with bruised heart bleeding,
Shall find none ready to cast the stone!

Then a song for the time when, as rhythmic as rhyme,
The currents of human life shall flow;
When the strivings and yearnings, the heartaches and burnings,
Shall end in the morning's roseate glow!

IRENE:

THE SLAVE OF THE RING AND THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,

AUTHOR OF "ERIK TEMPLETON," "POISONED FOR LOVE," "LU THE QUADROON," "GILDED SORROWS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE SPRITE OF THE SILVER SHOWER.

"Somehow, whenever I look at her, I can't keep back the tears."

"Who are you talking about, Dick?"

"My little girl, to be sure."

"What's wrong with her?"

"Nothing that I know of; but I was thinking, if anything should happen to me, what would become of her?"

"She would find plenty of friends."

"Perhaps. If her mother were only living, it would make a great difference."

"You are in the dumps to-day—often seem so of late. What is the matter?"

"I don't know; but I think of my little girl more than I used to do, and what would be her fate if I were to be suddenly taken away."

"Little chance of that. You are still a young man, hale and hearty, and your business is not dangerous."

"Not that of clown. But tossing cannon-balls isn't child's play, and a very little thing might break my back or neck, and then Heaven keep my dear little Irene."

"Then why don't you give it up? I should, if I thought of it as you do.'

"Oh, it pays. That and the clown's part together bring in a good round sum, and I want to lay by something for old age—or, rather, I want to get out of the business just as soon as I can. And I shall do so the moment I have enough money ahead, settle down in some quiet life, and educate my little girl. I can't bear to even think of her being brought up to the ring."

"You must have saved quite a snug sum already, for you have never foolishly squandered your pay, like most of us."

"I did have something ahead, but I lost heavily when that cursed savings-bank failed. Never trust to one of them, if you know when you are well off. Better buy gold and bury it. That would be safe anyway, even if it don't bring interest. But, as I was saying, I lost heavily by the bank, and the sickness and death of my poor wife swamped the rest and left me in debt. Then it was that I took up the cannon-ball business. You remember my wife, don't you?"

"No. If you will reflect, you will see that would be impossible. I didn't join the company for some months after she was buried—in fact, I never saw her."

"Poor Julie! She was a beautiful woman, and good—much too good for me—and it almost broke my heart to lose her. Oh! how well I remember her last words: 'Take good care of our little darling,' she said; 'don't bring her up to your business; watch over her every moment. May God bless you both!' Then she put her thin arms around my neck and kissed me, and—and died. Poor Julie!"

For a little time there was silence, broken only by suppressed sobs. Then, to call the bereaved husband away from his grief, his friend questioned if the child was anything like the dead wife. Dick Spangler controlled his emotion—the genuine sorrow of a warmly-loving and true heart—wiped the tears from his eyes, and answered in a low voice:

"No; they would never have been taken for mother and daughter, though I sometimes think years will lessen the difference. My poor Julie had very black hair and eyes, and her complexion was rather dark than light. She was an Italian-French woman, a dancer, and the most graceful figure that ever tripped upon a carpet. Irene has the same tiny hands and feet, and——but I can't go on. It unmans me, even to talk about it. I fairly worshiped my wife when living, and I can't do otherwise now. However, there is her picture, and I have told you enough. Look at the girl, and you can see wherein they differ."

The eyes of his friend turned upon the almost fairy figure, playfully dancing amid the sunbeams that streamed in at the window, as if she would trample them beneath her petite and flying feet. It was a vision of child-loveliness he would never forget.

What changes time would produce it would have been very difficult then to determine. She had scarcely passed beyond the mysterious line of childhood—could scarcely have been dignified as a girl, although her years must have numbered fifteen. She was not tall for her age, but there was a promise of being so—was the most lithe, light, flexile, lissome creature the eye ever rested upon. Her skin was clear, tinted with rose, and yet the golden brunette of the mother was not entirely lost, but softened, and coming womanhood might deepen the already shadowed Andalusian glow.

But her eyes, large, slightly almond-shaped, with lashes so long that they swept the oval of her cheeks, and a thought darker than her hair, could never deepen into black. A deep hazel-brown they might become, soft when unfluenced by passion—sparkling as burning diamonds when she was aroused, but at all times speaking directly from and to the soul. The fire of the dead mother slumbered still in their childish depths, to be reproduced in the woman, tempered, perchance, by education and love, or increased by trial, as fate might decree.

And the now slender figure gave promise of the most glorious perfection when filled out and ripened. The turning of the limbs and ankles, the swelling lines of the bust, the rounded arm, the dimpled and snowy shoulders, gave ample proof of that. Like the sunbeams she danced amid was her hair—bright, soft, fine, waving threads of rich amber, that, free from confining ribbon or comb, fluttered about a golden glory, as light almost as the silken down of the thistle.

"No," was the reply of Charles Mason, after a long and careful scrutiny of the remarkably beautiful child; "no, she looks but very little like her mother now, but I think you are right in the belief that years will deepen the resemblance. Of that, I fancy, there can be no doubt. Her figure will develop, and, like that of your dead wife, become——"

"Matchless!" interrupted Spangler as he took the miniature, kissed it tenderly, closed and put it in his bosom with a heavy sigh.

Ah! those who saw him only in the ring—saw him only when grotesque with paint and jingling with bells—who heard his merry jibes and quick-witted retorts—saw his broad grimaces, heard his ringing laughter—would never have believed how much of the truth of man and tenderness of fatherhood were hidden within his heart. But the world judges only by the "outward seeming," and the "poor player" often goes through his part crushed by pain and mental misery of which they have little idea. No matter how much *he* may be suffering, *they* must be amused. Out upon such a dictum!

"Yes, the child-like figure will become more perfect than that of any statue, and the mind will keep pace with it. Does she inherit the talents of her mother?"

"Fully, I think;" and the eyes of Spangler lifted from melancholy into pride as they rested upon his daughter. "Of her dancing you can judge for yourself."

"Singularly graceful. More than that I cannot say. And, now she has paused in the giddy whirl, I can see her face more perfectly. It is a pure, candid one, but underneath slumbers passion."

"In that, at least, she is like her mother. It is the endowment of her fiery birth. Sweet as she is, yet sometimes there is almost tiger fierceness. Heaven guide her if anything happens to me—if I should be suddenly taken away."

"You are foolishly anticipating trouble."

"I can't help it. Such thoughts will come."

"Then why do you not, and at once, place her in some school, where she would be guarded as well as educated?"

"I have often thought of so doing, but cannot bear the separation. She is passionately fond of riding and the excitement of the ring, earns almost as much as I can, and whenever I talk to her upon the subject the cunning little gipsy wheedles me out of my resolution with kisses and tears. A year hence I shall be better able to do so, and she more willing."

The discussion continued for some time, and ended, as is usual in such cases, in nothing. The girl was a willful little beauty, already knew the power of woman's strongest weapon—tears—and was possessed of firmness one would never have dreamed of in one so willowy in form. And yet the practiced eye could have even then discerned that the muscles were of uncommon strength and elasticity—that her training in the ring was fast ripening them as well as her nature—that a fiery soul burned within her bosom, and that before anyone—at least her fond father—should be aware of the fact, she would be a woman. The tropical nature of the mother was in her soul, and such blossoms burst into full flower while those of a colder clime and more northern land are still lingering in the bud.

Under the guidance of a mother's love and tenderness she could, in all probability, have been entirely weaned from her fondness for glitter and show and applause. But she had known them from her earliest years—had inherited the taste from both her parents, and, more especially since her semi-orphanage, been permitted to follow the bent of her inclination. Her father, strong athlete though he might be, was but a child in her hands. When he talked of her future she laughed at his fears. When he sorrowed that she might be left alone in the world, a sense of joyous independence flashed through her soul, even while she kissed the cloud away from his brow. And when, an hour after the conversation with his friend, he called her to him and talked to her more seriously than ever before of her situation, she clung to him with such passionate tears that he was forced to consent to her remaining until the end of the season at least—now but a few months. With the coming of Winter, however, he resolved to entirely change her manner of life, no matter how much she might resist or demur.

Twilight shadows put an end to the discussion. Both had to prepare for the evening—both had their part to play—he in motley first, then as an athlete and juggler with cannon-balls that few could handle, and she in gauze and spangles riding an act of combined grace and daring.

And if Irene had been strikingly beautiful when wanting the tinsel adornments of the stage, she was a hundred-fold more so when Art had lent its aid and many lights flashed down upon her flushed face and triumph-lighted eyes. Upon her head, and confining her long, flowing hair, was a diadem brilliant with jewels. Her shoulders rose white above the bodice of blue, laced with gold; her arms were bare; the short skirt, reaching scarcely below the knee, was spangled and fringed, and gave to view the limbs of faultless mould. Wings, craftily constructed of silver gauze, pinked with tiny specks of vermilion, floated from her shoulders, and the daintily-slippered feet might have caused envy in the heart of a Cinderella. A sweet smile played about the red and mobile lips, and her pure bosom rose and fell with pleasure and excitement. She was indeed the incarnation of what the bills called "The Sprite of the Silver Shower" as she dashed around the ring upon her swift steed—swift as a spurred racer nearing the goal, and black as night—a courser such as Proserpine might have ridden when endeavoring to escape from Pluto.

Well might an overfond father be proud of such a child. Well did she deserve the thunders of applause that made the canvas swell and vibrate almost as a tempest. It was more than an ordinary act she performed. It was fire, pathos, pride, beauty and grace combined—a true conception of what the mythological Fairie Queen might have been—a mounted Titania speeding with outstretched wings to the embrace of Oberon, who to her was lover as well as king.

Flushed with the crowning plaudits of the night—with her young heart pulsating with the most delicious appreciation—with her young blood quickened by the intoxicating draughts of fame that a generous public had held so freely to her lips, Irene left the ring.

The butterfly that floats upon the sunbeams cares not for the honey the bee may gather. Anything that might follow would be tame and uninteresting to her. She was satisfied, surfeited for the time. Her intensely tropical nature felt the need of relaxation and rest, and she was glad to get beyond the reach of the tumultuous lip-service of the crowd, to whom a beautiful and successful actress is a goddess to-day, to be forgotten for a new and fresher face on the morrow—glad to shut her ears to the music of the band, the ringing blast of trumpet, and the heavy rolling of the drum.

But scarcely had she reached her temporary home and torn off her trappings of elfin royalty, before the nether millstone rolled over her wildly beating heart—before the glad applause was changed for the mournful funeral-note, the song for the sigh—before she knew she was an orphan—knew for an instant only, and then, with the despairing wail of a broken heart, fell senseless to the floor.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST OF TRIAL.

The premonition of the father of Irene had proven but too true. The heavy cannon-balls had been his death. The slipping of his feet at a critical moment had caused him to miss his accustomed poise, the iron globe had fallen upon a vital part, and his death had been almost instantaneous.

No time had been given him for even a single thought of his beloved child. He had indeed left her behind in all her youthful and passionate beauty to the cold charity and trials and temptations of a world that might applaud when in the ring, but would shut their doors against her, not believing that "any good could come out of Nazareth"—that one of her profession, and especially sex, could be as pure and holy as themselves.

For a long time the poor girl lay helpless as an eagle with a broken wing, a sprite tempest-tossed; and the kind hearts that gathered around her stood doubting which would conquer, the white-plumed angel of life or the ebon one of death. It was a terrible struggle—one such as a less sensitive and spontaneous nature could never know. Long before she

CELEBRITIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.—No. I.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT.

FOR BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH SEE "AMUSEMENT ANNALS."

was pronounced out of danger, long before she could leave her bed, could even sit up, the green turf was piled above the form of her father, and she was left alone—left single-handed, with all her youth and inexperience and marvelous beauty to fight the dubious battle of life.

But as violent fires burn out the soonest, even so the most violent emotions seem to fade the swiftest when the crisis is past. Not that they are entirely forgotten. Far from it. They burst out at times in all their pristine freshness and uncontrollable agony, and the wound bleeds again. Yet, in the main, the spirits of such natures rise above the ills of earth, no matter how severe, and the fiery passions work their own cure as they demand new excitements.

In a measure this was the case with the bereaved girl. The bow of her soul had been fearfully bent, and the strings of the heart strained most severely, but the recoil was swift and strong. She had not as yet realized in all its sad fullness the loss she had sustained—knew not the misery of the situation in which she was placed. That could only come with time, with sorrow chastened. Yet she was not permitted to sit down and mourn. Sordid souls were ready to do battle against such a thing—to make merchandise even of her affliction. Shame be upon them!

Scarcely was she able to take care of herself—scarcely had the tears burned themselves dry—before one came, walking in the semblance of manhood, but with the heart of grasping avarice, to force her back into the public gaze—force her by the exhibition of her grace and beauty to bring money to his coffers. A man of low birth and groveling instincts—one almost devoid of humanity, of all the finer feelings of humanity, but whose brute force had placed him in a position of power—a man cast in the mould of an ox, low-browed, strong limbed and handed, cunning-eyed, and who knew that her recent sorrow would the more advertise her, and be a "sure card" to fill the canvas to overflowing.

With very few of the commonplaces that go so far to make up the courtesies of life, with little of sympathy, he plunged into the business that had caused him to intrude into her presence.

"You've got quite well again," he asserted, rather than asked.

"Yes, Mr. Smith, I am recovering quite rapidly," Irene replied, glancing swiftly up at him from under the long lashes, heavy with tears.

"Glad of it. Sorrow is, of course, natural and right, but it don't pay to indulge in it too much. We have all got to help ourselves along in this world. I had—everybody has. I was left alone when but a little kid, and have fought my way up. You'll have to do the same."

"Do you mean in the ring?" she questioned, startled more by the picture he presented than the bluff manner of doing it.

"Certainly. What else can you do?"

"My dear father intended I should quit riding and go to school. Now I shall do so."

"All very fine to talk about, but how are you going to do it?" was asked with a sneer.

"What is to prevent?" she questioned in return.

"Everything, *I* should say."

"I do not understand."

"Well, then, where is the money to come from? Such a thing costs. You can't play lady without paying for it."

"My poor father must have left——"

"Just nothing! Even worse than that, and you might as well know the truth first as last. The little that was coming to him has been used up, and more along with it."

"Then," gasped the poor girl, beginning to comprehend something of how truly great her loss had been, and how entirely she was at his mercy—"then I have nothing?"

"That's just it. Money goes like water through a sieve—all gone before you know it."

"And what in the name of mercy am I to do?"

"That's the very thing I came to talk to you about. You are young and pretty, a fair rider and dancer, and, seeing how badly you are left, I don't mind giving you an engagement at a good salary."

"Go again into the ring where my poor father was killed? Impossible!" and she pressed her hands to her temples and shrank back in the most intense horror.

"You'll soon get over that. It may be a trifle bad at first—such things always are—but it won't last very long."

"Anything but that—anything but that! I had sooner starve, die in a ditch, kill myself!" and then the hot tears were instantly dried from her eyes by the fiery determination, and, girl as she was, the strong man momentarily quailed from looking at her.

But he had a purpose in view—was utterly heartless when swayed by avarice, and determined not to be thwarted. So, smoothing his face and softening his voice, he continued:

"Yes, yes, I pity and wish I could help you. But I aren't rich myself, and have a family of my own to look after."

"I will sell my horse and——"

"If you owned him, you could. But you can't now. I had to advance considerable money, and the horse isn't going out of my hands until I am paid."

"I wish he were dead!"

"That wouldn't help the matter a bit, and you might as well look at it in a reasonable light. Your father—poor fellow, I am sorry he has gone" (so he was, but mostly because he was a man out of whom money could be made, and not to be easily replaced)—"engaged you, as well as himself, for the season. That isn't ended yet. But I'll be liberal, as I said, and you can pay what is coming to me, keep your horse, and when we go into Winter-quarters some other arrangement can be made. By that time, however, you will think differently from what you do now."

"Never! Heaven help me! I have not a friend left in the world."

She was wrong. The man with whom her father had had almost his latest conversation had not forgotten her in her distress. He had seen that she was taken care of during her illness—had never for an instant permitted the promise he had given to escape him. And he now presented himself, very much to the chagrin of the one who was conniving for his own selfish ends, and who hastily took his leave with a simple:

"Good-morning, Irene. You will please think over what we have been talking about, and let me know your answer. I am certain you will see that I have advised you for the best."

"I have no need of time for reflection," answered Irene passionately, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes. "I will die first!"

For a little time Charles Mason permitted the tempest to rage unchecked. Then he drew the girl gently to a seat beside him, and inquired as to the purport of the conversation.

"He wishes me to go again into the ring, to resume my former life, to make a show of myself for his own base and selfish ends. But I can never, never, do it!" And the reaction came, and the tears flowed fast and bitterly.

"My dear child," replied Mason, deeply moved, and taking the little, trembling hands within his own, "your father—a better man never lived—and I had a long and earnest talk upon the subject the very day he was taken away. If it were in my power I would save you from all trouble and labor, God knows how willingly. But, alas! I am not in a situation to do so—have only what I can earn from week to week, and have an old and sickly mother to support. Your father's death and burial and your own illness have more than used up all his means."

"I know it. That man—that wretch who has just left me—flung it into my face that I was a beggar. Cruel! cruel! Oh, how I hate him!" and the vindictive nature of the twin-lands of her mother flashed with steel-like sparkles from her eyes.

"Softly, my child. He intended kindly enough, I have no doubt, but is rough."

"And thought nothing of me, of my great sorrow, only of himself."

"We are all required to do so more or less. But tell me what he said to you."

Irene repeated the conversation, dwelling bitterly upon his desire to again force her into the arena, and declaring with passionate vehemence that nothing would ever tempt her to do so.

Mason listened kindly, sympathized, assured her of his lasting friendship, and gently drew her mind away from what she considered an insult to the possibilities of her situation—to what it was in her power to do.

"Though the owner overlooked delicacy in his manner of stating things, yet, my poor child, he simply told you the truth. You are without means, and——"

"A beggar! I shall go mad!"

"You take an altogether wrong view, Irene. Both of your parents earned their livelihood in the same way, and there is nothing in the least disgraceful in it. It is the individual, not the profession. Your dear, dead mother dignified her calling. There was not even the faintest shadow of shame connected with her name. I believed her to have been as pure as an angel."

"And I would stab to the heart anyone who even dared to whisper to the contrary!"

"Softly, my poor, passionate child—softly. Listen to me as calmly as you can. Under the circumstances, I believe from my heart that the advice you have received is the best possible."

"And I must ride again?"

"I see no other way. But it will not necessarily be for long. I will look to your interest, see that your salary is a just one and promptly paid, take care of the money for you, watch over you as if you were my own daughter, and when the season is ended you can go to school, and your future be decided upon."

"This your advice, and you dare to call yourself my friend!" she said, drawing coldly away.

"It is the best I can give. I am, and wish ever to be, a true friend, if you will permit me. I loved your father, knew him better, perhaps, than any other man in the company, and so will I love and protect you, Irene."

It seemed as if all the desire of applause had died out from her heart—all desire for fame been crushed with the death of her father. The giddy whirl, the flashing lights, the rush and daring of the ride, the ringing shouts of welcome and encouragement of the multitude, appeared to have become hateful to her. What she had before looked upon with pleasure now caused pain, even in the thinking. The girl had leaped at a single bound to womanhood, changed in all save passion. That was so intertwined with the very cords of her heart that it must remain the same—except, perchance, increased—while life remained.

To convince her of the absolute necessity of immediate action was a difficult task—one that Charles Mason was long in doing. It was not the work of a single day or hour. But at last he succeeded, and the ovation she received upon her first appearance was such as to flatter even her proud and craving nature.

CHAPTER III.

TRIUMPH AND DISGRACE.

It was the last night of the season. The Summer and Autumn wanderings of the company were over. They had reached a large Western city, and, after a single performance, would disband for a time.

That night Mason had succeeded, after much difficulty, in securing as a benefit for Irene. All the performers had willingly given their services, and at last the management succumbed to the pressure that urged it as due to the beautiful orphan, and everything possible was done to give eclat to the matter.

As to the girl herself, she looked upon it more as a release from thraldom that sorely chafed than in any other light. She knew it would bring the means that would go far towards her education, and yet scarcely gave it necessary thought. Of money she had no practical knowledge. No opportunity had been given her for that purpose previous to the death of her father, and since then Mason had taken the entire management of her affairs. And well for her she had found so faithful a friend. He had been to her as both father and mother, and so well had increased and husbanded her earnings that (the proceeds of the benefit included) they would be ample to carry her through school, if wisely used, and to that he would attend, if he lived.

To his knowledge of the business and deep interest, more than aught else, perhaps, was to be attributed the crowded house. The story of Irene, her sorrows, her struggling for the means of education, he had caused to be made widely known. Human nature is ever generous if rightly approached, and the tale of orphanage rarely fails to reach the heart of the masses, even though Midas buttons up his pockets and double-locks his safes and bars his doors and causes an armed Cerberus to watch without.

The house was more than filled—was densely crowded at an early hour. Even "standing-room" could not be found. And such an array of beauty and fashion had never before been gathered under canvas in that city—probably never would be again, for it would be very difficult to arouse a second such enthusiasm and excitement. Even those who usually held themselves above and aloof from a "miserable circus"—who foolishly fancied it might contaminate them—were present that night because it was for sweet charity's sake. Ah! what a cloak that can be made for curiosity. How many will go to a museum (and see the same plays acted and the same dancers twirl upon their toes) that are too holy to trail their dresses within theatre-doors, though they can be seen the gayest of the gay when the "pit" is floored over, and the waltz and German and Lancers go merrily on for some ultrafashionable charity!

Something like this appeared to be the animus of the audience that welcomed Irene. At all events, they came prepared to enjoy themselves, and give the most generous and hearty welcome to the parentless child, even while glorifying themselves in the action. But they were little prepared to gaze upon so much of youthful grace and loveliness, and "went wild" over her.

All the kind-hearted women attached to the company had assisted in her dressing and decoration, and the combined talent and taste had rendered her attire superb. Her dress was a light, gauzy blue, with just a suggestion here and there of mourning. Her glorious hair had been trained into massive curls that floated low upon her white shoulders, confined only about the crown with a tiara of mimic jewels, and her tiny feet, white-satin-slippered, were at once an admiration and an envy when she danced.

Ah, that dance. It would have been warm, a thought *qui touche les passions* in a more aged and gross figure. With her it was but as an inspiration, an abandon to the witchery of the music and the love of art. It was rapid, fitful, but chaste, as she breathlessly whirled and flitted over the carpet, the very incarnation of the "poetry of motion," dazzling, enchanting almost as a fairy—was, indeed,

"Such grace and such beauty! dear creature! you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkled round,
That her steps were of light, that her home was the air,
And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground!"

There was an almost painful silence until she paused for want of breath, and stood with quivering limbs, heaving bosom, and flushed face. Then the pent-up enthusiasm burst out; handkerchiefs were waved, gloves ruined in the clapping of tiny hands, and cheer after cheer, bravo after bravo, encore after encore, from masculine voices. But Irene slipped quietly away loaded with bouquets and wreaths, and while the customary acts were in progress the audience had time to recover their breath, and comment and even sneer at performances it had taken years to perfect, and were wonderful in their swiftness, dexterity and daring.

Again the fair, youthful beneficiary appeared, and again a wild welcome greeted her. To spare her as much as possible, it had been arranged that she should dance and ride but once. And now the coal-black steed was led in garlanded with flowers—the roses and exotics some venturesome and egotistical youth had hoped would rest above her heart dancing amid the long, flowing mane, or gleaming crimson from the black and glossy skin. And proudly stepped the steed, blooded, of high courage and tossing his head defiantly—a steed faultless almost in proportions, and fit to carry a queen—fit for Cleopatra to have ridden when welcoming her Antony. With a low, loving neigh he welcomed his mistress, as if snaring in the general delight she created—as if the proudest there of her.

In an instant she was mounted and dashing around the circle swiftly as a swallow skims in the twilight. Over the "garters" she leaped; through the tinseled balloons she flashed, emerging from the last one transformed from head to foot by a cunning trick of the costumer.

When she sprang upward from the horse she was an azure fairy; when she alighted again she was clothed in vermilion and gold, crowned with scarlet plumes in place of jewels, and covered with stars. So magical had been the change that no one had the slightest premonition of it, and the applause she received was commensurate with the originality and success of the transformation.

For that act more than all the others combined Mason had labored, and he was proud of it, as was his protegee when he lifted her from the horse and led her forward to receive the final greeting of the crowd, whose feelings could scarcely be kept within bounds, who so crowded the sawdust arena that it was with considerable difficulty Irene could find a passage out.

If she was not intoxicated with such pronounced success—if not dazzled with a dream of golden brightness for the future—her young heart would in the hereafter be proof against such things, for never was adulation more spontaneously and lavishly poured out.

Wearied, perhaps even glad that the ordeal was passed, and yet living over again her triumphs, Irene sat the next morning talking to her best friend. They had counted the proceeds of the benefit, and the result was far beyond even their most sanguine expectations.

"You are now provided for, my dear child," said Mason, "for some years, and the sooner the decision is made as to what school you will go, the better. To-day the company separate—indeed, many have already gone, and, while you are having the necessary clothing made for your new life, you will have to be provided with a proper home, and I have thought it best you should go to my mother. What do you say to that, Irene?"

"I don't know; but," and she hesitated and flushed, "why must I leave the ring? I don't fancy doing so as much as I once did."

"The wish of your dead parents should be law in the matter."

"Well, then, take me to your mother. But I know I shall not be happy confined in school; and now, when I have won such a name, and can earn so much money, I don't see why I cannot be left alone."

Mason made no attempt at argument. In her then state of mind it would have been useless for him to tell her how fickle was the popular favor—how the goddess of to-day would be slighted on the morrow—how hedged about was the path with temptation and accident—how soon another might arise to ruthlessly snatch the crown from her brow. No; he was too wise for that; and, taking what she had said as a tacit consent, he began to prepare for departure.

Carrying out his plan, the orphaned girl was soon provided with a proper home and motherly care, until she could be prepared for school. That was soon accomplished, one selected. She was taken there and introduced, to learn for the first how much envy and jealousy and bitter rivalry and pride, and even scoffing, are a component part of human nature in what we are wont to consider innocent and loving girlhood—how little of the angel there is in mortal composition.

Day after day this was impressed upon her—day after day she was made to feel the loneliness and utter friendlessness of her situation—to be taught that such beauty and grace was looked upon as a crime by those less dowered in these respects. But the advice of Mason and his aged mother, and her fast-ripening judgment, enabled her to control her temper, and, though cheeks burned and eyes flashed and heart beat with volcanic pulsations, she resolved to remain and fit herself by study for a career that was already dawning in her mind. But the same adverse fate that seemed to have followed from her birth again thwarted, and the crisis came unexpectedly and beyond all of her power to endure. The shaft sent was barbed, and struck home and festered.

Sensitive as such natures always are, Irene had noticed growing coldness—that she was more and more receiving the "cut direct," was shunned, and, when she could endure no longer, boldly asked the reason.

"Reason?" was answered by the leader of the malcontents—a bold, forward, flippant girl of coarse features, and "auburn" (Anglice, red!) hair, a veritable daughter of "shoddy," and to whom the physical loveliness of Irene had been from the first as gall and wormwood—"reason?" with a supercilious curling of lip and disdainful tossing of head. "How dare you ask such a question after thrusting yourself in among your betters?"

"I do not understand what you mean," replied Irene, still struggling to retain a temper that was already at white heat by the insulting term of "betters."

"Oh, indeed? My fine lady holds her head very high, and carries herself very grand, don't she? Quite an actress, isn't she, girls, as well as an adept at deception? How well she pretends not to know what is the common talk of the town!"

"Will you answer me?" questioned Irene, growing pale as death, save for the burning spots upon either cheek.

"Answer you, miss? What brazen impudence! Only think, girls, of her daring to catechise us! But what would your ladyship know?"

"That which you say is the common talk of the town."

"Oh, that is it, is it?"

"And what you mean by my thrusting myself among my 'betters?'"

"We are all young *ladies* here."

"And I am just as much so as any of you."

"Indeed and indeed! Just listen to her, girls! Did you ever hear anything so supremely ridiculous in all your life? *She* claims to be a *lady*, and as good as we are, when everybody knows the school has been disgraced and ourselves insulted by her admission."

"Tell me why?" was demanded through lips even whiter than the pearly teeth.

"Because you are nothing but a low-born circus-rider."

The bitter taunt had not been uttered before Irene, insane with passion, had bounded upon and struck her enemy to the floor. Had a dagger been in her hand, she would not have hesitated to have used it. And yet she felt the malicious sting far more intensely for her dead parents than herself.

There was no time for further combat, the wild outcries of the girls had brought the matron upon the scene, and she stood for a moment with her hands raised in holy horror at one of her favorites lying stretched upon the floor, sobbing with pain and affright, and with bloody face and disordered hair, while another girl was standing over her with face inflamed with passion, clenched hands, and almost murder burning in her eyes.

"Young ladies, young ladies!" she gasped, "what is the meaning of this shocking affair?"

A dozen tongues told the story in a breath—all but Irene. She remained speechless and motionless, rigid almost as marble, until the matron commanded her to follow her. She obeyed with mechanical movements, but with dauntless bearing and firm front.

"Now, what have you to say for yourself?" demanded the matron, as soon as her room was reached and they were alone.

"That the story you heard was a lie!" was hissed back. "That girl not only insulted me, but my dear, dead father and mother."

"Hush! You have done a very wicked and terrible thing—horrible!"

"Just what I would do over again. Had I been a man—had she been a man—I would have killed her on the spot!"

"Terrible! terrible! You will have to promise to control your fearful temper in the future, and make the most humble apology before the entire school, and——"

"Never! I would die first."

"It must be so, or you will have to leave."

"That I will do, and at once."

She turned proudly and departed from the room, leaving the matron astonished at such unparalleled defiance and impudence. Never before had her authority been braved. It was true, she was convinced that Irene had been insulted most grossly—had long known how she was treated—but that weighed as nothing in the scale against rich pupils and their connections and influence. In fact, she would have heartlessly sacrificed a dozen such girls for her tormentor, and upon the whole (though her conscience was far from easy) was glad that so discordant an element would be eliminated from her "model and fashionable institution." Yet, fearing that something might leak out that would not redound to her credit, she followed Irene, to find she had already departed—gone out alone into the night and darkness, gone friendless into the great city, a stranger to all the dangers that would surround one so young and beautiful.

It was a terrible venture!

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PROMPTER'S LAST CALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

He was an old man, his hair white and thin. He had been sick for some time past at the M—— Hotel. The company would occasionally drop in to see how the poor old fellow thrived, and minister to his wants as well as they could.

A drizzling rain was falling in the lamp-lit street below. The fire of the grate played with a ghastly effect upon the old man's emaciated face, and he tossed his head restlessly on his pillow. Two ladies of the company sat by his bedside with fair hands smoothed the tangled gray hair from his damp brow. The silence in the room was really oppressive. Nothing could be heard but the loud ticking of the clock on the mantel, and the pattering of the rain on the window without. The door opened noiselessly, and the physician entered. All made way for the man of science. How eagerly they watched him as he felt the invalid's pulse! The fair-haired soubrette was the first to break the silence.

"Doctor, is there any hope?"

The physician slowly shook his head as he tenderly dropped the poor thin hand and softly said:

"The end is very near."

Ten minutes passed—twenty. The sufferer was very quiet. A gamin in the street below called loudly to a companion. The old man suddenly opened his eyes and distinctly said in an authoritative voice:

"Half hour—half hour!"

All was quiet again. The company in the room seemed awed by the presence of death, and reverently bowed their heads, waiting mutely for the end. Someone below-stairs opened a door, and the soft notes of a piano were distinctly heard in the room. The old prompter roused himself from his stupor, and clearly called:

"Overture—all down to begin!"

Then they understood him, poor old man. Actor and actress looked into each other's faces and truly realized that the ruling passion was indeed strong even in death. In his last moments his heart was with his beloved profession. Ah! alas! it was his life-drama, and he was in the last scene of the last act. From this moment he began to sink rapidly. The friends gathered closer around the bedside with pitiful faces. One of the ladies, with a sob, turned away. It seemed to rouse him. He feebly said:

"Everybody ready to end act!"

A terrible paleness came over his face, dark rings formed around his poor eyes. It was the ghastly hue of death. He did not move. They thought he had passed away, he was so quiet and motionless. The doctor leaned over softly and listened. The loud ticking of the clock grated harshly upon their ears, but no one moved. The door of the parlor below opened, and again the soft notes of the piano could be heard. At this instant the clock upon the mantel struck one. His dim eyes brightened for a moment. The old look of intelligence stole over his wan face. The physician stooped to catch his feebly whispered sentence:

"Ring down—the drama is over!"

The fair-haired girl silently closed his sightless eyes, and thus, like a plaintive melody, the old prompter's life passed softly away.

FRANK OAKES ROSE.

ON SNEEZING.—After looking at the picture of a spouting whale for a long time, a little boy seemed to become more and more puzzled. At last he turned to his uncle, and, pointing to the picture, said: "Uncle Ned, what is that?" On being told that it was a whale, he looked at it again, and said: "Oh my! doesn't it sneeze an awful long way?"

A VENERABLE young gentlemen, four years old, threw his maternal relatives into a fit of admiration by the following speech: "I like 'most all kinds of cake—pound-cake, sponge-cake, and jelly-cake, but I don't like stomach-ache."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

WENDEL.—Our answers were as to pinochle, which is a legitimate game. However desirable you may deem a decision of your bet, we are unwilling to establish a precedent, binding us in the future, by a decision as to double, treble or quadruple pinochle, as they are termed. Those "games" are neither pinochle nor bezique. They are like partner's best euchre, or don-bunko-sancho jingo-gingo pedro—played in different ways, as was explained last week. They will always be so played until they are forgotten, which will be in the course of a few years, probably.

MOSS, Carrollton.—1. As the height of the auditorium is only 26ft., the stage should be about 8ft. from the floor, as wide as the building, about 20ft. deep, and the proscenium opening 20ft. high. 2. She is living, and probably in Chicago, Ill. 3. Miss Kate Claxton was the original Cousin in "The Two Orphans" in America. 4. S. B. Duffield is in Philadelphia. Andrew Flynn is dead. 5. He is still in this city, at the theatre named.

A. CARDOZA.—The "Thames National Regatta" is for watermen only, and the winning pair in 1857 were Hammerton and Francis of Teddington. The "Thames Regatta," also for watermen, was established in 1862. The Henley-on-Thames Regatta is confined to amateurs, and the 14-guinea silver goblets constituting the prize for pairs were won in 1857 by Warre and Lonsdale of Balliol, Oxford. There's a mistake somewhere.

RAM'S HEAD, Washington.—1. It is not positively known when or where St. Patrick was born, and we have no singular biography of him. 2. He would be eligible, so far as birthright is concerned. No one who has been naturalized can become President. 3. They are properly indicating American citizens who have become such by adoption.

M. C., Southbridge.—Harry Howard and Albert Ellis wrestled in Devonshire style at Harry Hill's, this city, April 20, 1876. Ellis won the first fall in quick time, and threw Howard heavily in the second bout, though the fall didn't count. Howard landed on his head, and was so badly stunned that his friends persuaded him to stop, and Ellis was declared the winner.

F. K., Palais Royal.—All alleys belonging to the National Bowling Association are seventy five feet long and three feet five inches in width. The pins are seventeen inches high and five inches in diameter at the base. Any wooden ball that does not exceed twenty-seven inches in circumference can be used in all matches, the ball to be delivered from a line sixty feet from the head or front pin.

M. L. K., Unionville.—Harry Palmer is commander of Booth's Theatre, in this city. He does not own that theatre. His wife has resided for some time in Europe, but she recently returned here. A. M. Palmer is the manager of the Union Square Theatre, in this city. He, for some time past, has resided in Paris, France. Neither of the ladies named has ever appeared on the stage.

CONSTANT READER, Richmond.—Junia Brutus, and he died on board the steamboat Chenowerth en route from New Orleans, La., to Cincinnati, O., Nov. 23, 1852. 2. A book entitled "Ingraham's Scrap Book of Theatrical Exercises," which Ed. James will send you on receipt of $2.

OLD READER.—Address Matt Grace, C. H. Murphy or Joe Ryan, in our care.

JOHN TOOLE, Helena.—Tom Sayers, who fought Heenan, never visited the United States.

RAL CAN, Hot Springs.—An oval-shaped track is preferable to one laid out in the form of a figure 8.

H. H., Davenport.—George L. Fox the clown is in retirement in Brooklyn, L. I.

E. B. W., Carbondale.—C was out on his high with jack, which covered the two he gave.

J. F. D., Dundas.—We do not know the exact number of Brigham Young's wives.

TORONTO.—Having taken in his six spot, A cannot touch the four and the chance.

F. R. RAWLINS.—1. Subscription extended to No. 9, Vol. 25. 2. There is but little difference between them.

G. F. P., Clinton.—Low will count out before jack held in hand.

W. G.—No one but B could object, and he could not graciously carp at the carrying out of his own proposition.

A READER, Iowa.—1. A loss both count and shot. 2. Of Shannon, Miller & Crane, 46 Maiden lane, N. Y.

SUBSCRIBER, Franklin.—1. Twelve is the count for 8, 3, 2, 2, 2. 2. Three 31 only.

THEATRICAL.—A letter addressed to the person named in care of this office should reach her.

SUBSCRIBER, Toronto.—Eleanor won the Derby in 1801. See "G. W., Toronto."

MANRICO, Springfield.—Address Scribner & Co., publishers, this city, giving name of author.

MRS. M. W., Chicago.—We have no knowledge of the person named

G. A. HOWE.—Your letter has been forwarded to E. P. S. all right.

S. H. H., Corsicana.—With nine balls you can make 210.

L. C. B., Baltimore.—3, 6, 2, 4, 1, 5 are a run of six for B.

MANAGER, Bluffton.—Address them in care of this office.

C. F. G., Freeport.—Watts did not resign before Nov. 7.

J. A. C., Suffield.—See rates on first column of eight page.

H. L., Brooklyn.—No. 3 has no claim on the first trick.

F. F., Boston.—Sunday has nothing to do with the bet.

STORE OF THE PERIOD, Baltimore.—Count out at once.

G. E. M., Portland.—You win with your high and low.

R. E. S.—A Wednesday in 1878 will fall on March 6.

F. S. B., Goshen.—Louise and Ada Boshell are sisters.

J. D. H., Johnston.—See advertisement in this issue.

J. C. K., Topeka.—A can count out on a sweep.

PEDRO, St. Louis.—Card could not be changed.

CONSTANT READER.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

DRAW, Cayuga.—The cards are not to be cut.

W. J. M., Philadelphia.—We have one there.

W. S. W., Albany.—A wins, B not beating 12.

J. H. S., Erie.—B wins. No replies by mail.

D. M. A., Milwaukee.—G B. wins both bets.

W. H. P., Montreal.—A first-class sparrer.

D. MCC., Fort Hamilton.—Certainly not.

FRED. W., Ottawa.—It is not published.

CARTHAGE.—That is beyond our ken.

SCIP, Greenville.—Can build two piles.

W. W. LOWDERMILK.—$4 per annum.

A. AND B., Philadelphia.—Who has won.

H. S., Jackson.—Write to Ed. James, SYRACUSE.—Do not know his height.

P. D. BOX 22, Keokuk.—He did not.

CLAUDE.—Go to the Astor Library.

J. W., Cincinnati.—C cannot do it.

J. J. S., Toledo.—It was declined.

P. W. W., Memphis.—We cannot.

SUGAR PLUM, Lockport.—A wins.

LIBERAL.—1. H loses. 2. 26.831.

J. D. C.—Somewhere in a minute.

PHANTOM, Vicksburg.—A wins.

J. G. O., Jacob City.—Sancho.

X. Y. Z., Hoboken.—Pay to A.

J. H. WEISS.—Out of print.

THE CLIPPER'S NEW VOYAGE.

With the current issue THE CLIPPER launches forth upon its twenty-fifth annual voyage. Custom has made it pardonable for all journals to indulge in some self-congratulatory expressions at the opening of a new volume. We confess that the temptation is strong to imitate this example; and we cherish the belief that, in denying ourselves so sweet a privilege, our rigorous abstinence will be duly appreciated by the discriminating reader. Cutting loose from the established forms of all orthodox journalism, we purpose to refrain from brag, even at this time, when bragging becomes permissible. By so doing we shall gain the right to talk about ourselves.

First, then, THE CLIPPER has no promises to make for the future. Not even the ghost of a chromo rises before us, as we write, tempting a susceptible public to patronize literature for the sake of art. No new and startling features thrust themselves upon us; no unprecedented attractions; no never-before-heard-of novelties. Is not this an example of moral courage worthy to be handed down to posterity? Behold a periodical publication which, upon the dawn of its twenty-fifth year, has not gained enough of worldly wisdom to declare itself perfect! And yet these four-and-twenty years must needs have brought us somewhat of experience. Whatever else may be charged against us, it will at least be admitted that we are no fledgeling. Let it be understood, then, that it is a full-feathered bird which opens its beak to say "we have no promises to make." Does THE CLIPPER, then, purpose to make no progress in the years to come? Most assuredly it does; but we choose rather to let that progress be detected by others than to crow over achievements which are yet to be accomplished. We hold fast to that cheering belief that merit, sooner or later, is sure to be recognized in this world; and with recognition comes just reward. So, indulging in no self-praise and no promises, we call attention, at the opening of another volume, not to what THE CLIPPER may be in the future, but to what THE CLIPPER is to-day. It is, as we believe, the recognized exponent of dramatic interests in this country. It is the accepted authority on all matters that relate to the sporting world. It is the oldest journal of its kind in America. There is nothing smacking of boastfulness in these assertions, inasmuch as they are conceded truths. But THE CLIPPER is more than this. Its columns contain, from week to week, a fund of information invaluable to those who are in any way interested in theatrical or sporting matters. It has grown to be a channel into which flow naturally and regularly all the numerous streams of intelligence concerning the stage and the sporting world. Its representatives are to be found in every town of considerable importance throughout the country; while its own staff of editors is made up of men peculiarly fitted for the special duties which they are called upon to perform. Every issue of the journal represents the combined labor of many minds. The stage, the ball-field, yachting, rowing, pedestrianism, the turf, the ring, billiards, chess, checkers—all these find full and careful treatment in THE CLIPPER'S columns. By virtue of its accuracy, its impartiality, and its honest efforts to reach the truth, its decisions have come to be regarded as final by those who apply to it for information. A complete and trustworthy record of all important events, whether of a dramatic or a sporting character, is to be found in its pages. And, in addition to these distinctive features, which have long since grown familiar to the reading public, THE CLIPPER in every issue prints original stories, sketches, and poems, together with such general news as may prove of interest to its patrons. Making no special pretensions in point of literary excellence, it has, nevertheless, sought always to present such contributions, in prose and verse, as should repay perusal; and it is gratifying to know that the efforts in this direction have been widely recognized and generously acknowledged. This, then, briefly outlined, is THE CLIPPER of to-day. We repeat again that, for the future, we have no promises to make. Let us add that, of all the promises which it would be possible for us to make, none would present itself in so tempting a form as the simple declaration that what THE CLIPPER is to-day it shall continue to be in the days to come.

Looking back upon our twenty-four years' voyage, we can but recall its varying experiences with a mingled feeling of pleasure and regret. Not always have the waters been smooth or the skies fair. Tempestuous seas have threatened at times to swallow us up, and storms have howled angrily, and the black clouds of disaster have loomed ominously near. Since the day when THE CLIPPER was first launched upon the uncertain ocean of journalism, many another vessel, which set sail under far more promising circumstances, has gone down. Broken spars and dismantled hulks still float upon the waters. Strange craft have come to take the places of those once familiar to our eyes. And so THE CLIPPER, warned by the untimely fate of others, has held its course steadily and well—mounting now the waves of prosperity, breasting now the billows of adversity; striving always to secure a cargo which should meet with a ready demand; steering clear of the shoals of malice and the rocks of jealousy; scorning to play the pirate, and seeking never to cross the course of any other vessel. With what success this has been accomplished we leave for others to determine. THE CLIPPER has beheld wonderful changes during these four-and-twenty years. It has seen the Stage in this country rise to honor and respect. It has seen the iron bonds of prejudice shattered by the sharp blows of reason and common-sense. It has seen the clouds of bigotry pierced by the sunlight of truth. It has seen a new generation grow up which refuses to pass judgment upon a man because of the profession he follows, or to echo the statutes which disgraced the laws of England by putting all actors in the category of vagabonds. It has seen, and rejoiced at seeing, all manner of athletic sports grow in public favor, and receive the sanction of wise and honored men. It has seen the halcyon days of negro minstrelsy, the wonderful growth of the variety-show, the birth of baseball, the golden dawn of the spectacular drama, the remarkable progress of the turf, and the unprecedented performances of Brother Talmage. In every department of the drama, in every form of stage representation, in all that relates to sporting matters, it has seen marked improvement. And if this higher plane has been reached in any part through the efforts of THE CLIPPER, then have our labors reached the reward which we most covet.

With sails all set, and the sunlight of prosperity gilding every mast and spar, THE CLIPPER starts buoyantly forth on another annual voyage. May it be fraught with associations as pleasant as those of other years. May the skies be bright and the waters calm. May all old friends take passage with us, and countless new ones crowd the decks. May the cargo that freights its pages at the end of another twelvemonth be rich in recorded triumphs, flavored with good-natured humor, and sweetened with the wine of agreeable fancy. And may the same propitious breeze that wafts us towards the haven of success blow graciously upon all the other craft that sail the journalistic main.

WHAT is to be done about the first of April? We have always had our own fun on that day in the playing of practical jokes upon people who were not so smart as we are presumed to be; but, as "All Fools' Day" comes on Sunday this year, it becomes a nice question whether we shall break the Sabbath or postpone the fun until Monday.

THE CLIPPER appears in a new rig this week, in a complete suit of brand-new types, from figure-head to stern-post, and from truck to keelson, to speak in nautical language; and we feel just as proud of it as the young ladies will feel next Sunday when they come out in *their* new clothes.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE on the Thames, at London, last Saturday, created such an excitement in this city that nearly all the young ladies who were out on promenade went right home when the *correct* returns were published, and played "My Dream of Love is *oar*!"

WHAT WE FEAR is, that *other* lawyers may disappear from the face of the earth and expect us to make just such a time over *their* disappearance as we have made over the taking-off of Oakey Hall. And then think of the other hearts that would ache.

THE MCCLELLAN who went for Wm. Edwards at the Hippodrome on the evening of March 19 was not the General McClellan who "fit inter the late revolution," although he *did* exhibit pretty good generalship.

THERE MUST be a good deal of affection between the wrestlers Miller and Bauer, for on one night last week they hugged one another nine hours, and only separated at the approach of daylight.

BROTHER TALMAGE electrified his congregation on the 18th inst., when he preached a sermon to those sinful wretches the telegraph operators. For such a hardened set they bore it pretty well.

AT LAST!—For the first time in the history of THE CLIPPER, with this number we open a new volume in the month of March, thus, as it were, "stealing a March on Time!"

MAYBE the average intelligent Northern mind is not aware of the fact that there are no cents in New Orleans. This, probably, accounts for the popularity of *Nickels* there now!

IT IS BETTER to be right-bower of a life-insurance company than to be President of the United States, according to the salary attached to each position.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE, in their struggle for first place in their race, became so *scurmed* up that they finished the struggle in a dead *heat*.

IT IS quite probable that, under the circumstances, Simon Cameron would be willing to take 'a Roland for his *Oliver*."

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On March 19: Stephen Raymond, alias Chas. Seymour, the bond-forger, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.....William O'Brien, a pedler, was murdered by a negro named Edward Wells near Buckhead, Ga.....Miles Ogle, the notorious counterfeiter, was stated to have been sentenced, at Virginia, Nev., to fifteen years in a minute.....Fred Douglass was sworn in as U. S. Marshal of the District of Columbia, Columbus Alexander, an influential Democratic citizen, becoming his bonds-man.....The dead body of Nell Williams, aged about 26 years, was found at Williamantic, Ct. It was supposed that she had been assaulted by roughs.....Fires: Miller's Hall and two other buildings, at Murfreesboro, Tenn.—loss $25,000, covered by insurance: six business houses at Manchester, Va.—loss $15,000, insured for $6,000; George W. De Voe's dwelling-house, occupied by Dr. Gardner and Thomas Potts, at Spotswood, N. J.—loss $7,500; the steamer Powerful, at Cape Blanc, below Quebec, Canada.

*** March 20: Judge Reed, in the Circuit Court at Charleston, S. C., rendered a decision affirming Wade Hampton's title as Governor of South Carolina.....A heavy shock of earthquake was felt at Mount Carmel, Ill.....A severe shock of earthquake was felt at North Troy, Vt.....Peace between Turkey and Serbia was stated to have been formally concluded.....James Rice, convicted of manslaughter in having killed Hugh McCabe, was sentenced from this city to ten years in State-prison at Sing-Sing.....Senator James Hanna was killed by falling down-stairs at Columbus, O. He was over 70 years of age.....Walter Stoffler, aged 72, hanged himself in this city.

*** March 21: J. D. Cameron of Pennsylvania and Stanley Matthews of Ohio were declared elected to fill the vacancies in the U. S. Senate respectively caused by the resignations of Simon Cameron and John Sherman.....At a Cabinet meeting the Louisiana question was considered, and it was decided to send a commission there to examine and report. It was also voted to call an extra session of Congress, to meet June 4.....Ben. F. Hickey was convicted, in Shelbyville, Ky., of the murder of John P. Wilson, and sentenced to life-imprisonment.....Edward Wells, the negro who murdered the peddler Wm. O'Brien, was taken from the jail at Waynesborough, Ga., and lynched.....The Governor of Utah refused to commute the sentence of Mormon John D. Lee.....A collision occurred between a street-car and a steam fire-engine in Philadelphia, the driver of the latter, Patrick King, being killed.....An earthquake caused great alarm at Kingston, Jamaica, W. I.....John Scott of Rockdale, Pa., died from suffocation, occasioned by the bed-clothes taking fire.....One hundred deaths from small-pox were stated to have taken place in London, Eng., the previous week.....An English steamer, supposed to be J. B. Walker, with arms and ammunition from New Haven, Ct., for Constantinople, Turkey, was reported lost.....John Moull, aged 80, committed suicide by shooting, at Greece, N. Y.....Nineteen lives were stated to have been lost by an explosion of fire-damp near Swansea, Wales, on the 8th inst.....Fires: Wm. Goupe's confectionery store, at Washington, D. C., the proprietor losing his life; Gilpatrick's, Hemenway's and other stores, at Machias, Me.—loss $18,000, partially insured; Peter Weigel's tailor-shop, in Brooklyn, N. Y.—loss $7,400, partly insured.....Dennis Driscoll, a fire-policy writer, in Brooklyn, was discovered to have committed suicide near Port Jervis, N. Y., by leaping from a high ledge of rocks into the Delaware River.

*** March 22: Gen. McClellan's nomination for Commissioner of Public Works was defeated in the New York Board of Aldermen.....Gen. Morgan Winters and Charles Robinson were sentenced respectively to fifteen years' imprisonment for burglary.....Franz L. Doll committed suicide by shooting at Peterboro, N. C.....John West was cut in two by a circular saw in Holmes' Mill, at Fort Wayne, Ind.....Harold Small's death, at Washington, D. C., from injuries caused by George E. Ellison, engineer of the House of Representatives, was reported.....Charles Bergman, aged 62, hung himself in Buffalo, N. Y.....James Dunlap was held in default of $30,000 bail for participation in the Northampton (Mass.) Bank robbery.....Nathan O. Greenfield, the wife-murderer, was sentenced to be hanged at Oswego, N. Y., May 11.....George Gregory shot and mortally wounded his wife at Hartford, Ct.....A meeting was held in this city to raise funds for the benefit of the Battalion of State Soldiers' Home at Bath, Steuben County. Wm. C. Bryant, Gen. Dix, Rev. Dr. Bellows and others spoke in favor of it.....Henry G. De Mott, aged 74, committed suicide by hanging at Pompton Plains, N. J.....The Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls, was reported safe.....Archibald McGowan, aged 65, shot and killed his son-in-law, John McGowan, at Granby, B. I.....Arthur M. Lewis, aged 35, was caught in the belting at a foundry in Philadelphia, and instantly killed.....The Jackson County, Mo., Court sentenced Martha Smith, colored, to fifteen years' imprisonment for robbery and arson.....The suicide on March 19, in a lunatic asylum at Flushing, L. I., of Rudolph A. Witthaus, a once prominent merchant in this city, was announced.

*** March 23: John D. Lee, a Mormon bishop, and one of the leaders of the Mountain Meadows massacre, was shot to death at the scene of the buchery, in Utah.....Govs. Hampton and Chamberlain of South Carolina were invited to come to Washington.....Two cars and the caboose of a freight train fell through a bridge near Worthington, Ind., Henry Bodgett being killed and eleven others wounded.....Robert Scott, another of the Northampton, Mass., bank robbers, was held in default of $500,000 bail.....Lyman Hopkins cut his throat at Barton, Vt.....Burrows Core, a wool speculator, blew his brains out at Troy, N. Y.....A ten-year-old daughter of F. H. Manning of Port Dover, Ont., was accidentally shot dead by her brother, aged 8.....The Boston (Mass.) Dyewood and Chemical Company's suit exploded, injuring four men, two of them fatally, it was thought.....Michael Murray and Lawrence Donelly of this city quarreled over a game of cards, and the latter was fatally stabbed.....Walter C. Adams, commission merchant and steamship agent, failed here; liabilities $800,000, assets $300,000.....The body of an Abyssinian envoy was reported to have been found drowned near Massowah, and it was believed that he was murdered by the Egyptians.....It was stated that a convict named John Lorgensen had been fatally shot on Blackwell's Island by Michael Gea on, a keeper.....A man supposed to be Adam Bornesse was drowned in this city.....Weldon and Kelly's furnace and range factory, and J. G. Bennett & Co.'s hat factory, and adjoining buildings in Pittsburg, Pa., were destroyed by fire. Loss $40,000, insurance $30,000.

*** March 24, Thomas P. Somerville, a lawyer of this city, and George Engel the forger were stated to have been arrested at Newark, N. J., on the 23d, charged with conspiracy, forgery, and attempt to defraud the United States Treasury to the extent of $250,000. The scheme was exposed by ex-Detective P. C. Nettleship, who had been invited to join them.....Senerino de la Barrera, Spanish Consul at New Orleans, La., died from poison, supposed to have been taken with suicidal intent.....At Rochester, N. Y., Rufus B. Silliman, the murderer of Joseph F. Porter, was found guilty of murder in the first degree.....John M. Ferguson of Louisville, Ky., failed; liabilities $340,000, no assets.....The National Bank of Gloversville, N. Y., suspended.....The excursion steamer Rockaway, 293 feet long, which is to ply between this city and Rockaway Beach, L. I., was launched at Norfolk, Va.....Officer Michael Cleary was arrested for brutally clubbing George Batte in Brooklyn, N. Y.....Fires: The First National Bank, at Jaffrey, N. H.—loss $10,000, partially insured; Shank's brick-block, at West Salem, O.—loss $8,000, insurance $6,500; Albion Hall, at Dresden, Me.—loss $5,000, partly insured.....A cable-dispatch stated that the village of Otchievo, in Herzegovina, was plundered and burned by Bashi-Bazouks, who also murdered a number of the inhabitants.....The dead body of J. D. Cowherd, a shipper of cattle, was found in his barn, at Montgomery, Mo.....John McKeever of Brooklyn, aged 69, died from the effects of laudanum self-administered at the American Hotel, Jersey City.

*** March 25: No positive information concerning the whereabouts of ex-Mayor A. Oakey Hall, who disappeared over a week previously, was received; but he was believed to have sailed for Europe.....A cable-dispatch stated that five persons were killed and many wounded by the mail-train "Flying Scotchman" jumping the track near Morpeth, Eng.....William Donnelly was killed on the railroad at Jordan, N. Y.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ASCHENBRENNER, Dr. Hermann.—Formerly of the University of Munich, and a political refugee of 1848.—Havana, Cuba, March 18.

BROWNING, John H.—An old New York merchant, having first gone into business here in 1830, as a member of the drygoods firm of Browning & Co. In 1848 he established the drygoods house of Jennings & Brewster in San Francisco. He was born in Preston, Ct., July 28, 1801, and in 1821, with a small capital acquired from school-teaching, he started a small store in North Stonington—this city, March 23.

BEADLE, Dr. Treacy—Of Elmira, N. Y. He had been a member of the State Assembly, and was a member of the last Constitutional Convention—Elmira, March 23, aged 69.

BEACH, Henry J.—Long connected with the General Post-office of this city—here, suddenly, March 22, aged 44.

BRADLEY, James—Comedian. (See City Summary)—Baltimore, Md., March 22, aged nearly 24.

BORRERA, Senor De La—Spanish Consul at New Orleans. Suddenly—that city, March 24.

BENNERS, James—A wealthy and well-known resident of Philadelphia—there, March 19.

BAGEHOT, Walter—A foremost English writer on finance and politics—England, about March 25.

BARTLETT, Major James—Brooklyn, March 25, aged 74.

CALDWELL, Wallace E.—A broker in this city, and one of the ushers of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, during the Beecher-Tilton trouble. He was born at Whitehall, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1819. Suddenly—this city, March 22.

CORE, Burrows—A well-known speculator in wool in Troy, N. Y.—there, March 23, by suicide while ill.

COBLIAN, Daniel—Owner of the large paper-mills at Whippany, N. J. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1868—this city, March 22.

DE MOTT, Henry G.—An old well-to-do farmer. Committed suicide in fear that he might die in a poor-house—Pompton Plains, N. Y., March 21, aged 74.

FRENCH, Mrs. T. H.—See Dramatic City Summary.

GARDINER, Dr. Richard—An old physician in Philadelphia—there, March 22, aged 84.

HARMER, Eugene A.—Son of the Hon. A. C. Harmer—Philadelphia, March 23, aged 26.

HEDDEN, Lucy Ashmun—Daughter of the late Hon. George Ashmun of Springfield, Mass.—this city, March 24.

HAMBLETON, J. Douglas—A prominent lawyer in Baltimore, Md.—there, March 20.

HOFFMAN, Prof. Charles M.—He was graduated from Columbia College and the N. Y. General Theological Seminar,, grew up in the parish of St. Luke's, this city, and since 1870 had been rector of St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J.—Charleston, S. C., March 22, aged 35.

JOURNEAY, David—A veteran of the War of 1812—Tottenville, Staten Island, N. Y., March 17.

KNAPP, Samuel L.—See Amusements.

KELLY, Edward—A well-known builder in Philadelphia—there, March 23, aged 74.

LUKENS, Wm. H.—Of the firm of J. W. Supplee & Co., commission merchants, Philadelphia—there, March 18, aged 32.

LEE, John D.—Of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, for which he was executed near Salt Lake, Utah, March 23. His age was 60.

MORE, Robert—A ex-fireman and plate-printer who was well known, and connected with various organizations—Brooklyn, N. Y., March 23, aged 37.

MORRIS, John—A well-known politician in Clifton, N. Y., where he had been an Inspector of Elections for a number of years, and was Excise Commissioner at the time of his death—there, March 24, aged 60.

MCMICHAEL, Mrs.—Wife of the editor of *The North American* of Philadelphia—that city, last week.

PALMER, Mrs. Mary Agnes—Once prominent among the New York demi-monde. Her maiden name was unknown. She was married early against the wishes of her family, and was early deserted by her husband. She made charitable institutions she left $60,000 in real estate and U. S. bonds. Her request was that no religious service should solemnize her funeral, and she was buried privately in Woodland Cemetery, Philadelphia, on March 20. Her age was 35.

PERRY, Judge Joseph T.—A leading citizen of Newport, R. I., for which he once sat in the House of Representatives. Born in South Kingston, R. I., Feb. 7, 1791—Newport, March 25.

PRATT, J. F.—Judge of the Quarter Sessions Court, Philadelphia. Of consumption — there, March 24.

PARKER, Rev. Richard—this city, March 22, aged 76.

POWELL, Dr. Alfred—Of this city—here, March 21, aged 53.

PATTERSON, James S.—A native of Ireland, but for fifty years a resident of Pittsburg, Pa.—there, March 25, aged 74.

QUINEY, General P. R.—Register of Probate for Suffolk County, Mass.—Boston, Mass., March 21.

SPEIGHT, Francis C.—Connected with the police force of this city since 1845. He was born in Ithaca, N. Y., May 16, 1816, and came to this city when a boy. He had an enviable physique, was quick and skillful with his hands, and gave proof of both when required. Ex-Alderman James D. Oliver appointed him on the police in 1845, where he remained until 1849, after which he was a Custom-house officer until 1853. In that year he returned to the police force with the rank of captain of the Twenty-first Ward, and there he remained until his transfer on April 26, 1861, to the newly-created Twenty-ninth Precinct. He continued there for eight years, and then was sent to the Twenty-seventh, to the Third, to the Harbor-police boat, and to the Twenty-second in 1873. On Aug. 11, 1874, he was appointed Inspector of the Fourth Inspection District, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of George W. Walling, and in that capacity he was last on duty March 11, when he was taken ill, dying on March 20, at his residence in this city, aged nearly 61. His best police-service was rendered during the Draft Riots of July 13 to 16, 1863.

STOCKMEYER, Karl—Director of the North German Lloyds—Bremen, Germany, March 7, of heart-disease.

STAVELY, William—Of the Philadelphia printing-firm of McCalla & Stavely, and founder of *The Episcopal Record*—Lahaska, Bucks County, Pa., March 23, aged 77.

TEWKESBURY, E. Green—Had for twenty-five years been engaged in the book and stationery business in Manchester, N. H.—there, March 22, aged 54.

VANN, Samuel—A centenarian of Trumansburg, Tompkins County, N. Y.—there, March 19, aged 104.

WITTHAUS, Rudolph A.—Formerly a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and during the early part of the Rebellion he assisted in raising a German regiment. His son, R. A. Witthaus Jr., is well known for his researches in physiological chemistry. Suddenly—this city, March 19, aged 61.

THE TURF.

RACING IN ENGLAND.

Lincolnshire Handicap and Liverpool Grand National.

The Spring meetings at Lincoln and Liverpool, Eng., were held during the past week, and the cable furnishes us the result of the principal events decided. As the former, the Lincolnshire Handicap—a sweepstakes for all three-year-olds and upwards: £20 each, with £1,000 added; the second to receive £50 out of the stakes, and the third to save his stake—was run on March 21, with a field of thirty horses. It was won by Lord Wilton's ch. c. Isonomy, 4yrs., by Sewards, dam Sandal, by Stockwell, 100lb; Sir F. Johnstone's br. h. Pursuivant, 5yrs., by Lord Lyon, dam Editha, by Ethelbert, 111lb, second; and Sir G. Chetwynd's c. c. Lord Lincoln, 4yrs., by Newcastle, dam Donna del Lago, by Lord of the Isles, 96lb, third. The favorite was Lord Rosebery's Touchet, 3yrs., against whom 9 to 2 was laid. Betting: 16 to 1 against Footstep, 10 to 1 each against Pursuivant and Lincoln. Distance, 1 mile. The Grand National Steeple-chase Handicap Sweepstakes, £25 each, with £500 added, second horse to receive £100, and third to save his stake—was the chief feature of the Liverpool meeting, and was decided March 23. There were sixteen starters, John Nightingale's Shifnal and Lord Beresford's Chimney Sweep being the favorites, at odds of 6 to 1 against, but neither secured a place. The winner turned up in F. G. Hobson's ch. h. Austerlitz, 5 years, by Rataplan, dam Lutra, by Windhound, 148lb; Captain Machell's br. g. Congress, aged, by Compromise, dam Countess, by Slane, 153lb, second; Mr. Moore's The Liberator, aged, by Dan O'Connell, dam Mary O'Toole, 132lb, third. Betting: 10 to 1 against Austerlitz, 20 to 1 against Congress, and 25 to 1 against The Liberator.

BODINE BEATEN.—A mile-match, best three in five heats, was trotted by Bodine and Rarus at Oakland Park, San Francisco, Cal., on Saturday, March 24. Rarus was victorious in three straight heats. Time, 2:23, 2:20¾, 2:22¾. The winner was driven by John Splan, and the loser by John Crooks. Budd Doble was to have held the ribbons over the latter, but was unable to attend.

MUGGINS.—This once celebrated racehorse and stallion was last week sold for the comparatively insignificant price of $450. He won he Saratoga Cup in 1867, carrying 118lb in 4:32, a performance of unprecedented racing merit.

BASEBALL.

LEAGUE CLUB CONTESTS.

The following is the record of games to be played by the League Clubs the coming month of May, until which month no championship contests for the League pennant will take place:

May 3, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
May 5, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
May 8, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
May 8, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
May 8, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
May 10, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
May 10, Cincinnati vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
May 10, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
May 12, Cincinnati vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
May 12, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
May 12, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
May 15, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
May 15, Cincinnati vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
May 15, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
May 17, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
May 17, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
May 19, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
May 19, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
May 19, St. Louis vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
May 22, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
May 22, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
May 22, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
May 24, Chicago vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
May 24, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
May 24, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
May 26, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
May 26, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
May 29, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
May 29, St. Louis vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
May 31, St. Louis vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
May 31, Chicago vs. Louisville, at Louisville.

TOUR OF THE INDIANAPOLIS NINE.

The Indianapolis (Ind.) Club ended their tour at St. Louis, Mo., March 22, when they defeated the Brown Stockings by a score of 6 to 4, after having sustained defeat at the hands of the same nine on the day previous, owing to a number of damaging errors. The record of the club tour stands as follows:

March 10, Indianapolis vs. Dallas, at Dallas	50	to 0
March 11, Indianapolis vs. Galveston, at Galveston	59	0
March 12, Indianapolis vs. Pastime, at Galveston	30	0
March 14, Indianapolis vs. Robt. E. Lee, at N. O.	13	0
March 15, Indianapolis vs. Robt. E. Lee, at N. O.	8	0
March 17, Indianapolis vs. Memphis	7	8
March 18, Indianapolis vs. Memphis, at Memphis	5	3
March 19, Indianapolis vs. Memphis, at Memphis	9	3
March 21, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	3	6
March 22, Indianapolis vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	6	4

The first contest at Memphis was a singular one. Nolan began the pitching, but after four innings' play, without a run in, his delivery was objected to, and McSorley took his place. The Reds won by 8 to 7, and the score of errors was 7 to 8! Quest and Golden led at the bat, the former's second-base play and Flint's catching being very good, as was Houtz's first-base play. On the other side Maloney led at the bat, and Shoup and Cummings in the field. Score:

INDIANAP'S.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d b.	5	1	2	2	3	1
McSorley, 3b.	5	1	1	0	2	1
Mack, s. s.	5	1	1	0	5	1
Houtz, 1st b.	5	0	1	13	0	2
Golden, l. f.	4	2	2	0	0	0
Flint, c.	4	1	1	7	1	0
Warner, c. f.	4	1	1	2	1	0
Rocap, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Nolan, p.	4	1	2	4	0	1
Totals	40	7	10	27	12	7

MEMPHIS.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Walker, 1b.	5	1	2	13	0	2
Cummings, ss.	6	2	1	1	4	1
Burkalow, p.	5	1	0	0	2	0
Loftus, c. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0
Maloney, r. f.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Shoup, 2b.	4	1	2	3	4	2
Kennedy, c.	4	1	0	6	3	1
Olson, l. f.	4	1	1	4	0	1
Totals	42	8	11	27	16	8

Indianapolis	0	0	0	1	4	0	1	0	7
Memphis	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	8

First-base by errors—Indianapolis, 5; Memphis, 5. Runs earned—Indianapolis, 4; Memphis, 1. Umpire, Mr. J. J. Kelley of the Memphis Club.

The umpire in this game must have known whether Nolan's delivery was legal or not in the first inning. It is very easy to tell. The hand in delivering the ball must be below the line of the waist or belt; if not, then the delivery is not legal. In the second game the umpire regarded Nolan's delivery as legal, and the Reds in this game failed to score a run until the ninth inning. The score:

INDIANAPS.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d

JOE GOSS' CASE—PROPOSED BENEFIT.

On Friday, March 23, Joe Goss was arraigned in the Burlington (Ky.) Criminal Court, under the indictment against him, and filed a written plea of "former conviction" in the Quarterly Court, two weeks previously. The Commonwealth's Attorney, Capt. Montford, demurred to the plea mildly, and the Court overruled the demurrer and the Commonwealth appealed. It looks as if Montford merely wished to test the law giving the Quarterly Court such jurisdiction. It is an important law as between District Attorneys and County Attorneys, the question being as to which gets the thirty per centum on fines—that depending on which Court cases are tried in. In the meantime Goss remains in confinement, brooding over his misfortunes and the shabbiness of his treatment by those Cincinnatians and others who are in a great measure blameable for the troubles which have befallen him. The announcement was made through these columns last week, to the effect that Harry Hill, upon receipt of a letter from Joe, had undertaken to raise by subscription the $250 necessary to pay his fine and procure Goss' release, himself heading the same with $20. We understand that contributions received by Harry from other friends of Joe have increased the fund to over $150, and on the 26th we received a letter from Johnny Dwyer, enclosing ten dollars, to be applied to the same. He says also that he will give his services, professionally, in aid of any exhibition that may be gotten up in behalf of the imprisoned pugilist, whom Johnny considers "one of the best fellows that ever crossed the Atlantic." We are also in receipt of a communication from "Prof. Louis Richards, master of Indian clubs," who suggests that an exhibition be given at Hill's for the purpose of raising the requisite funds to see him through, and says he will lend his aid.

MURPHY'S EXHIBITION.—The benefit gotten up for the collar-and-elbow wrestler Charles H. Murphy, who badly hurt his collar-bone in his recent contest with James Owens, transpired at Gilmore's Garden, this city, on Wednesday evening, March 21. It was poorly attended, but the entertainment was pleasing, embracing exhibitions of square-hold wrestling by Owens and his chum, Edward Cox, both "Varmount boys," a sparring bout between Billy and Warry Edwards, and Wm. Miller and Prof. Fredericks in an illustration of the art of fencing.

TESTIMONIAL TO PROF. WILLIAM CLARK.—Another night of genuine sport is promised the advocates of athletic exercises on Easter Monday, April 2, when the jovial and popular "Bill" Clark will give an entertainment at Kelly & Leon's Minstrel Hall, West Twenty-third street, this city. A varied programme, chockful of good things—"all slums"—is offered, embracing sparring by the leading heavy, middle and light weights, Graeco-Roman, collar-and-elbow, and side-hold wrestling, small and broad sword fencing, exercises with Indian clubs, and kindred attractions, which will serve to make up a decidedly interesting bill of fare. The old warhorse will also go for action himself and give an exhibition of his skill and surprising quickness of hand and eye, in conjunction with some other first-class big man.

NOT A SUCCESS.—The matinee entertainment given at the Parisian Varieties, Philadelphia, on Saturday March 14, for the benefit of the wife and family of John Clark, was not, we regret to hear, largely attended, a fact due in a great measure to the inability of many to be present at an afternoon performance. Volunteers were numerous, and a first-rate show was given. The sparring portion was participated in by Murphy and Donohue, W. Parker and Neary, Lew Chambers and Patsy O'Hara, Young Seely, Chamber's Novice, and Manning (a capital glove-contest, lasting nearly thirty minutes), Fred Smith and Billy McLean, Purtell and Hanson, and Arthur Chambers and Harry Hicken, the last-mentioned couple giving the wind-up in costume. Jim Murray was M. C.

ROGERS CHALLENGES CULLEN.—A deposit of ten dollars has been left to back a challenge from John Rogers to Patsy Cullen, alias "Nigger," to fight, either in a room or the open air, in from one to four weeks, for from $25 to $100 a side. Cullen is requested to cover this deposit, and meet the challenger for the purpose of signing articles, between two and three o'clock P. M. on Thursday, March 29.

MRS. ELIZA GORMAN, indicted as one of the volunteer spectators of the Allen Goss fight, was discharged at Burlington, Ky., March 23, the judge remarking that woman's strong, natural curiosity was sufficient excuse for her going anywhere to see anything.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Prof. Wm. Clark, T. Bauer, and John Goulding.

BOWLING.

COLUMBIA VS. NATIONAL.

The last game between these two young teams was called at 8.30 P. M. on the night of March 23, at Heiser's, by F. Baker of the Nassaus, who was selected as umpire. Woods started the ball for the Columbias with a 9, which example was followed by the rest of the team, and their first frame netted 140 pins. Savage led off for the Nationals in the same way, making the first frame very dull and tedious, and ending by the latter club being one ahead; but in the second inning the Columbias worked themselves up a little, and ended it by the score being called in their favor 207 to 257. The play on both sides was nothing to brag of; but from this out the Columbias kept the lead until the end, although all during the ten frames they did nothing to merit the carrying-out process, which is generally in all match-games. In the third inning a ball was called on Riley, and followed, which made a great difference in the final score. In the fifth inning Cummings, who had been doing passably well so far in delivering the ball, stepped over the line, which called for a foul, and when allowed took all heart out of him, as will be seen by his score of 97, the lowest on both sides. The butcher had a knack of making a strike on one alley and a "poodle" on the other, which remarkable possibility was like the clown in the circus, making everybody laugh. R. Clack, formerly of the Cincinnati Baseball Club, led the score for the Nationals, and little Johnny Smith did the same for the Columbias. The time consumed was 2h. 35m. Score:

COLUMBIAS.		NATIONALS.	
Woods	131	Savage	134
Williams	144	R. Clack	176
Henninger	163	Riley	127
Kelly	118	Gahn	160
Yeomans	109	Murphy	113
Staples	148	Schlosman	149
Smith	178	Rogers	154
Martin	174	McArdle	156
Moore	167	Cummings	97
Wilsey	135—1468	R. Clack	130—1374

NEARING THE END.

The Nassaus won an easy victory on the night of March 21, in consequence of the Mutuals repeating what they had already done with the Pin Knights two weeks ago—forfeiting the game. About seventy-five persons assembled at the Empire Alleys to witness the contest between these two crack teams, and it was thought the game would be close and interesting, as the Mutuals are the present champions, and the Nassaus have astonished everybody by their brilliant play during this tournament. The disappointment was, therefore, greater when, at nine o'clock, the umpire, Mr. Woods, called the contestants, and, nobody responding for the Mutuals, the game, according to the rules, was declared in favor of the Nassaus; and this leaves the latter club with only one more game to play, which will be with the celebrated Athletics. To soothe the feelings of the good-natured throng, Robert Orr got his team together, and, dividing them equally, showed the spectators a specimen of their bowling by making the highest score ever made by a team on the alleys of the Empire Club. Every man got down to his work, and one and all bowled as if the championship depended on their particular game, as strike followed strike cheers followed cheers. Mr. Conover went through the ten frames without a single break, and led the score with 217, while S. Baker followed close on his heels with 204, and Brother Grum made 186 by hard work. Following is the score:

S. Baker	204	Mitchell	165
E. Church	164	Conover	217
J. Church	163	Mason	166
W. Wilson	166	J. Grum	186—1769
F. Baker	147		

TERPSICHORES vs. CUSTERS.

The return game between these tenns was played on March 23 on the alleys of the former, and ended in the young Custers being captured by the jolly Terps. The game commenced late; but, when called by Dave McAllister (umpire), the captain of the Custers was there in a rush, and, when he shot off his three charges, was carried out according to custom. Captain Eisman started off with a spare, which gave his men so much confidence that they became careless, and came near losing the game; but the persuasive powers of Charley brought them out of trouble 28 pins ahead. This was a bad night for the pins, or else the strange alley had something to do with it; for the Custers, who have been rolling 200 pins and over on their own alleys, could not get higher than 854, which was made by their president, the remainder of the team falling fearfully short of the general average, while the Terpsichores only did a little better, the captain leading the score with 163, followed by Moulle with 158, and Greentree and Captain Jack making the astonishingly low scores for them of 104 and 93. Score:

TERPSICHORE.		CUSTER.	
Fisman	163	Salkin	125
Greentree	104	Selkin	154
Cahn	128	Plummer	131
Deitz	108	Webster	141
Groh	142	Leyons	108
E. Belle	114	Whibel	105
Sam	109	Mahalon	120
F. Shindlehm	149	Keim	102
Moulle	158	Wallace	141
Jack	93—1271	Field	110—1245

INAUGURATION OF NEW ALLEYS.

On Saturday night, March 24, the bowling saloon of Mr. Worthman, Fourth and South Fourth streets, Williamsburg, was opened for the first time; and as two teams were selected from among his friends to christen the alley by playing the opening game, the house was crowded by the lovers of bowling. Messrs. Allen and Miller were selected captains, and, although the majority of their followers were mere novices, they did exceedingly well, Allen's side winning by 61 pins. Appended is the score:

ALLEN'S SIDE.		MILLER'S SIDE.	
Allen	163	Miller	167
Collum	147	Foster	126
Gord	148	Slocum	115
Baker	153	Mottenhamm	163
Dean	135	Buchannon	155
Brown	146	Oose	128
Mudge	138	Tostan	109
Chamberlain	138	Hedges	120
Ackerly	121	Brown	140
Hinman	128	Anderson	152
Gifford	140—1557	Godwin	121—1496

THE SOUTHSIDE.—The amateur bowlers are taking as much interest in the game as those belonging to the National Association, and none take more delight in the exercise and amusement bowling affords than this club, who play every Tuesday night on their alleys, 102 First street, Brooklyn, E. D. Although only two months old, they have attained a proficiency worthy of some of their older brothers; for, on their last meeting night, they averaged 147 pins to each man of the team.

HOBOKEN'S CHAMPIONS.—The long-talked-of game between the Young Men's Social Club and the Castle Points came off at Oddfellows' Hall, Roboken, on March 22, and resulted in a victory for the former, the score standing at the finish at 925 to 730. This looks like a poor score for ten men; but when it is known that, instead of rolling three balls on an alley, they only roll one, it will be seen that the average is a very good one.

A BIG SCORE.—On the seventy-five-feet regulation-alleys in Fourth street, Brooklyn, the young gentlemen whose names follow made, on March 23, the following immense score while bowling for a prize:

Colum	170	Tostevin	162
Gore	204	Sparks	182
Sacum	154—528	Allen	200—544

THE CONOURG (ONT.) CRICKET CLUB have elected the following officers for one year from March 15: President, Major Guillet; captain, E. H. Osler; secretary, J. H. Munson; treasurer, J. D. Hayden; executive committee, E. H. Osler, J. D. Hayden, J. H. Munson, C. H. Allen and George Elliott.

JAMES MELLIN of New Brunswick, N. J., wants to match his dog to dispute with any 30lb or 31lb canine in the country for $200.

BREEDERS of game fowl can purchase Heathwood game eggs of C. Littlefield, who advertises.

WRESTLING.

AN ALL-NIGHT WRESTLING MATCH ENDS IN A DRAW.

Impressed with the idea that at last those giants of the Græco-Roman wrestling arena William Miller and Thiebaud Bauer had made up their minds to contend in downright earnest for the palm, between three and four thousand spectators, a very few of whom were ladies, assembled at the Metropolitan Riding Academy, this city, on Tuesday evening, March 20, to witness the anticipated grand struggle. Many of those composing the very respectable assemblage went early, and these fared worse than the latecomers; for the night was cold, the dampness and chilliness of the atmosphere within the great, roomy structure suggestive of pneumonia and kindred ailments, and, for some reason not made known, the principals failed to make their bow to the impatient multitude for nearly an hour after the time announced to commence, 8 o'clock. A space in the field had been softened with a few inches of sawdust, upon which was spread a carpet, and here the rivals began, at a few minutes before nine o'clock, the serious work which had brought them together, the spectators forgetting, in the deep interest they felt in the conflict, the bodily discomfort to which they were subjected. As required by the rules according to which the match was to be decided, the contestants appeared nude from the waist-band up, and a grand show of carefully-prepared muscle and sinew did these stalwart and powerful athletes (each is nearly six feet in height, and Miller, who was about five pounds the heavier, weighed 197lb) make as they sparred for a grip. Miller was the first to get a hold; but his grasp around the body was at once broken, a similar attempt directly afterwards meeting with like treatment, and in a third offer he met with no better success, though Bauer found it more difficult to evade the threatened danger. After a few moments' hand-and-wrist work, the Frenchman tried his luck at the same style of hold; but his hands were forced apart, and then Miller secured a breast-hold and essayed to toss his man, who, however, went down on hands and knees, and in this not very graceful posture defied the efforts of Sir William to place him face skyward. Miller was still tugging at the crouching form when the Frenchman, mindful of his opportunity, in some seemingly impossible manner sprang to his feet, applause greeting the skillful manœuvre. More cautious play followed, each repeatedly balking the other, and then Bauer again struck the carpet, face downwards, thanks to the suppleness and agility so astonishing in a man of his size, and which enabled him to resume the perpendicular before you could say beans. Now the fiery Frenchman grasped Miller about the neck, and down went the latter, with nose in close proximity to the carpet, and Bauer striving with the earnestness of desperation to roll him over, which, however, he was powerless to accomplish. He then raised the Englishman bodily in his arms, and endeavored to throw him upon his back; but Miller, struggling violently, fell upon his face; a repetition of the attempt being likewise rendered futile. The Frenchman then invited his adversary to a fight his hand and made the same game by assuming a like position, and Miller, ready to oblige, seized him around the body, and exerted all his strength, but scarcely budged the prostrate giant, who, as before, suddenly leaped to his feet in a way which puzzled the looker-on to know how the movement was executed. A great deal of time was now spent in sparring for wind, their severe exertions having told its tale upon the contestants, whose bodies were soaked with perspiration. Finally, after several feints, Bauer caught Miller off his guard, and, raising him in his arms and giving him a twist at the same instant, threw him from a waist-hold squarely upon his back. Time, 40 minutes. The applause for the wily Frenchman was deafening, and Miller, as he picked himself up and retired to the dressing-room, betrayed in his countenance the chagrin he felt in having allowed his antagonist to gain so cheap a fall.

The twenty-seven minutes which elapsed before the reappearance of the principals were occupied by the spectators in discussing their merits, and in taking necessary exercise and refreshment to counteract the effects of the cold and quicken the circulation of the blood. That some of the time set to work by this intermission could have very satisfactorily been dispensed with, however, was made manifest by the demonstrations indicative of impatience which, during the last ten minutes, came from all parts of the house, the cause of which those in charge could easily have avoided; and, out of regard for the feelings of the shivering throng of sport, who had purchased cold comfort at one dollar per head, they ought to have done it. The battle was renewed at three minutes past ten o'clock, both men seemingly eager to get at it, and the Englishman, smarting under his discomfiture in the previous bout, bestowing some vigorous knocks with the open hand upon the upper works of his antagonist, as each strove to secure a favorable opening. Miller also used his head as a battering-ram; and Bauer, angered at having the same thrust continually under his nose, asked why he did not "wrestle like a gentleman," to which Miller replied in undertones, but after a fashion irritating to the Frenchman, who called out to him not to talk, but to wrestle. The audience here became very much excited, and by hisses expressed their disapproval of the tactics pursued by the larger man, who was fast losing sympathy. As in the opening round, Miller first secured a hold, catching his opponent around the body; but Bauer freed himself at once, as quick as lightning his hands were circling Miller's neck, the desperate struggle which followed ending in both going to carpet, as the Englishman foiled the Frenchman in the attempt to toss him over his head. After a muscle-straining effort on the ground, without advantage to either, they rose upon their feet once more, and, after some minutes working for chances, Bauer grabbed Miller about the bulwarks, and holding him off the ground, threw him completely over his head; but, by an effort which showed his gymnastic training, the Englishman turned in his descent and alighted upon his breast. For this neat piece of work Miller was deservedly cheered most heartily. The next firm grasp was upon the body of the Frenchman, whom Miller tried to toss over his hip, but the attempt was a failure. Then down again got the hug on the Britisher and slammed him to the carpet, but the Professor brought up right-side-up-with-care, greatly to the disgust of Bauer, who found him almost immovable when he attempted to turn him over. While he was tugging vainly at him, Miller turned his head turtle-like, and, looking up, grinned tantalizingly at his adversary, who proceeded to take a rest by squatting on the Englishman's hind-quarters. This indignity the latter resented by jumping to his feet, and then going for the Frenchman tooth and nail, figuratively speaking. Bauer was on the alert, however, and defeated repeated attempts on his opponent's part to get him in a dangerous position on the hip. Not to be denied, Miller now embraced the burly body of his wily foe, but each successive hold was shaken loose by the latter. Then Bauer made a dash for victory, twice in quick succession picking his adversary up and hurling him to the ground, but upon each occasion he turned as he struck face downwards. A subsequent nearly successful effort on the part of the Briton to square accounts was followed by a long and tedious spell at wrist-and-hold work, which produced no result save to tax the strength and render limp the muscles of the contestants, when, it being evident that neither was able, from lack of strength, to down the other, the referee proposed a recess for rest and a good rubbing, which he predicted would have a beneficial effect in bracing them up, and probably lead to a speedy decision of a long-drawn-out battle, as well as give all hands a chance to refresh themselves. It was now after 1 A. M., which example was followed by the rest of the contestants, who had endured the strain almost continuously for upwards of three hours, should have consented to desist, and accordingly they trotted to their respective quarters. It was now well on to two o'clock, and many of the original spectators, having had enough of a good thing, which in the main was monotonous and tiresome in the extreme, had left the building, and now another delegation followed in their footsteps, sleepy and not altogether satisfied, because the end was not yet.

Just before two o'clock, after having laid off for about a quarter of an hour, the wrestlers reappeared. Even this brief respite from physical exertion had apparently considerably refreshed the gladiators, and they took hold and resumed work with spirit. Bauer, seemingly bent on bringing matters to a close quickly, made play for a neck-hold, but was checkmated at each move, the way in which this adversary used his hands in fighting him off occasioning a remonstrance; but, upon Miller disclaiming any intent to do wrong, it was overlooked. Finally Bauer succeeded in toppling his opponent, who fell on his breast, and resisted all attempts to overturn him, or, by lifting, to throw him upon his back. Bauer then arose to his feet, and, after more sparring, the Englishman changed defensive for offensive tactics, and, getting Bauer on his hip, threw him, but fell himself, the pair struggling for some time upon the ground, but neither gaining the advantage. To further describe the fruitless efforts of the two to obtain the mastery would be a waste of time and space, as both were so weak as to be utterly unable to maintain a grip once secured, and the remainder of the time they faced each other was chiefly spent in pushing each other slowly about the arena, the monotony of this proceeding being only at long intervals relieved by a brief but indecisive struggle, when the tired wrestlers panted and heaved with the exertion which they were so illy able to put forth. Of the two, Miller appeared the worse off, the strength having almost left his wrists and hands, though there remained sufficient in shoulders and arms to prevent the worn and wearied Frenchman from giving him a finisher. A five minutes' cessation was ordered at 2.40, during which the principals partook sparingly of strong coffee, and the officials and others had recourse to inward strengthening-plasters of another sort. This relaxation was too brief to be of any real benefit to men so worn down as Miller and Bauer, and, after another display of pulling and hauling, varied by an occasional putting-forth of full power in an ineffective attempt to throw, they were told to desist, about half-past three. Twenty-four minutes were now taken for rest, and when they came on again the referee stated that, by agreement of the umpires, a draw should be declared if neither secured a fall within the next thirty minutes. Bauer strenuously objected to any such procedure, however, and, as it was a matter in which the wishes of the contestants had to be consulted, Thiebaud's protest prevailed. The folly of prolonging the contest was soon apparent, however, the short, sharp, desperate struggles which took place immediately after resuming leaving the men less fit than ever for work; and, as Miller clung to the defensive, and kept his wits about him, causing Bauer to make nearly all the play, the latter's hope to be able, by superior skill and quickness, now that his opponent's weight and strength had been reduced more nearly to a level with his own, to get the turn on him departed, and, after having repeatedly refused, the Frenchman, at twenty-six minutes past five o'clock, consented to stop and allow a draw to be proclaimed—a proposal which his antagonist had for some time been evidently willing to accede to. The referee thereupon decided the match a draw, and the fagged spectators, of whom several hundred bravely remained until the finish, took their departure for home. Thus ended probably the longest wrestling match recorded; and never were two men more evenly matched, the greater science and activity of Bauer being offset by Miller's excess of weight and muscularity. There was none of the fancy play shown in the sham contests in which these men, Andre Christol and others previously figured in this and other cities, and, though the absence thereof necessarily made the performance less attractive and very tiresome, especially after repeated straining and violent exercise of muscles had produced weakness, the knowledge that the men were doing their level-best served to sustain the interest and give satisfaction to the audience. Emil Regnier acted as umpire for Bauer, and Richard A. Pennell for Miller, the referee being Prof. Wm. Clarke, who has scarcely yet recovered from the effects of this all-night session, so foreign to his habits of life. The credit of working up the affair is, in the main, due to F. J. Engelhardt, proprietor of the Academy, who was probably unable to make better provision for the comfort of the audience.

MARTIN'S CHALLENGE.—Just before going to press on the 26th inst. we received a dispatch from James Owens, dated at St. Albans, Vt., reading as follows: "Consider Martin's deposit covered. I will send deposit to-morrow without fail."

AQUATIC.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES BOAT RACE.

An Accident Causes a Dead Heat.

The annual eight-oared race between crews composed of the best material for the purpose to be found among the students at Oxford and Cambridge Universities took place, for the thirty-fourth time, on Saturday, March 24, over the usual course from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames. It was grandly contested from end to end, two better-matched crews having never been seen on the water; but unfortunately, for the third time since the establishment of this now most important event in the aquatic calendar of our British cousins, the contest so bravely waged terminated unsatisfactorily, consequent upon the occurrence of one of those mishaps which cannot be foreseen or provided against. The Oxonians—favorites in the race—were the sufferers by the accident, but, though seemingly certain victory was at the last moment denied them, they achieved lasting fame by the display of power and pluck which enabled them, crippled as they were, to avert defeat at the hands of a crew who, perceiving the advantage with which fortune had favored them at the last moment, made a mighty effort to snatch the laurel-wreath which was to be the reward of the conquerors. The verdict of the judge at the finish was "a dead heat," being the first occasion upon which such a result has been reached in a match since the champions of the Cam and Isis first measured oars on the Surrey. The hour set for the start was far too early to suit the convenience of a large proportion of the many thousands who are to be seen on the banks and bosom of venerable Father Thames at each recurrence of "the aquatic Derby," consequently an immunity from the crush of former 'varsity races-days was appreciable only to the lucky few. At the London Boat-house, but a slight distance farther on, the crews occupied the same relative positions, there being little to choose between them, and the Oxonians somewhat better together than their opponents. As they passed Bishop's Creek, three furlongs from the starting-point and half-way up the concrete-wall side, the wind obliged the Cambridge coxswain to pay a great deal of rudder, and this enabled Oxford to get up even just below the site of the old half-mile post. At Craven Cottage, six furlongs from Putney, the boats were still level, and on reaching a bend, Oxford showed in front, and led by several feet, and at the upper end of the Cottage-grounds she was a third of a length in front.

Off the Grass Wharf, at Rosebank Villa, a mile having been traversed, Oxford still led by the same distance, if not a trifle more; but, in crossing the water in Crab-tree Reach, Cambridge, still rowing more steadily than their opponents, began to make up their leeway, and, at Crab-tree, two furlongs farther, Oxford led by only a few feet. Between Crab-tree and the Soap-works, Cambridge, rowing up to the leading boat, and drew level off the latter place. At the Distillery, slightly over a mile and four furlongs from the starting point, Cambridge once more showed in front by some few feet, and, passing Puesey under Hammersmith Bridge, a furlong and a half farther on, she still had the advantage by between two and three feet. Off Biffen's boat-house both crews encountered rough water, but no change was made in the relative positions of the boats until off the Doves, two miles from Putney, where Oxford, though on the outside, gained slightly, and at the Oil Mills, a little above a furlong from the Doves, drew up alongside, the two crews being at one time very close together, and in imminent danger of a collision, as a rowboat full of people pulled across their bows.

Just below the foot of Chiswick Eyot, Oxford increased her stroke, and at the bottom of the island was again in front, being better together than Cambridge, who seemed much troubled by the rough water. About the middle of the Eyot, Oxford had increased their lead to half a length, as the rowing in the Cambridge boat became short, and at Chiswick Church, three miles from Putney, they had increased their advantage to two-thirds of a length, and without much exertion, the race being apparently no longer in doubt. Rounding the bend into Horse Reach the water became smoother, and Cambridge rowing better together, gained upon Oxford, but, as the latter increased their efforts, they drew away, and were nearly a length ahead when the Ship Inn came in sight.

Opposite the Duke of Devonshire's meadows, Cambridge in their turn made another effort, but it only reduced the lead of the Oxfords to two-thirds of a length. No further change occurred in Barnes Reach, Barnes Bridge, five furlongs from the winning-point, under which Oxford passed with the advantage of nearly a length, and, keeping on, soon led by a length and several feet of daylight. Off the Limes, three miles and six furlongs from Putney, Cambridge again spurted and reduced the lead of Oxford, which momentarily got all abroad, as their bowman was seen to be in difficulties and unable to use his oar properly; consequently Cambridge drew up within a third of a length opposite Godfrey's, from where a terrific race ensued thence to the finish, Oxford striving to retain their lead and Cambridge to head them. In rowing from The Ship to the winning-post (which was stationed some distance above The Ship) Cambridge drew up even, and the gun fired as the two crews raced past the judge's box, amid a scene of the wildest excitement ashore and afloat. The friends of both crews claimed the race, which, owing to the very slack tide, was rowed in the slow time of 24m. 10s., the slowest since 1856.

THE JUDGE'S DECISION.

On being appealed to, John Phelps, a well-known old waterman, who has acted as judge for a great many years, at once declared it a "dead heat." The decision was received with immense cheering, but with considerable dissatisfaction by the Oxford supporters, who claimed not only a moral victory, but insisted that they led by nearly two yards when the imaginary line was crossed. The crews were at once taken on board a Penny Steamer and conveyed back to Putney amidst immense enthusiasm. A meeting was held of the representatives of the two universities, at which Mr. Phelps confirmed his decision of the race, declaring that he had never swerved from his opinion a moment that the result of the race was really a "dead heat." There can be no denial that the decision created much dissatisfaction in London.

RECORD OF MATCHES.

The result of all the match-races which have taken place between the Universities is shown in the following table, from which it will be observed that seventeen have been won by Oxford and sixteen by Cambridge; that the fastest time, 19:35, was accomplished by the latter in 1873, when both crews for the first time used sliding-seats; and that the time in this last race is the slowest that has been recorded for eleven years.

Year.	Date.	Winn'r	Course.	Time.	Won by
1829	June 10	Oxford	Henley.	14.30	easily.
1836	June 17	Cam.	Westm. to Put.	36 00	1m.
1839	April 3	Cam.	Westm. to Put.	34.00	1m. 45s.
1840	April 15	Cam.	Westm. to Put.	29.30	¾ lg'h.
1841	April 14	Cam.	Westm. to Put.	32.30	1m. 4s.
1842	June 11	Oxford	Westm. to Put.	30 45	13s.
1845	Dec. 15	Cam.	Put. to Mort.	23.30	30s.
1846	April 3	Cam.	Mort. to Put.*	21 05*	2 lg'hs.
1849	Mar. 29	Cam.	Put. to Mort.	22.00	easily.
1849	Dec. 15	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	....†	foul.
1852	April 3	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	21.36	27s.
1854	April 8	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	25 29	11 s'k's.
1856	Mar. 15	Cam.	Mort. to Put.	25.50	½ lg'h.
1857	April 4	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	22.33‡	35s.
1858	Mar. 27	Cam.	Put. to Mort.	21.23	22s.
1859	April 15	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	24.40	C. s'nk
1860	Mar. 31	Cam.	Put. to Mort.	20.06	1 l'gth
1861	Mar. 23	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	23.30	48s.
1862	April 12	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	24.41	30s.
1863	Mar. 28	Oxford	Mort. to Put.	23.06	43s.
1864	Mar. 19	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	21.40	26s.
1865	April 8	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	21.24	4 lghs.
1866	Mar. 24	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	23.35	15s.
1867	April 13	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	22.40	¼ lgth.
1868	April 4	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	20.56	6 lghs.
1869	Mar. 17	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	20.05	3 lghs.
1870	April 6	Cam.	Put. to Mort.	22.04	1¼ lh.
1871	April 1	Cam.	Put. to Mort.	23.05	1 lgth
1872	Mar. 23	Cam.	Put. to Mort.	21.15	2 lghs.
1873	Mar. 29	Cam.	Put. to Mort.	19.35	3½ ls.
1874	Mar. 28	Cam.	Put. to Mort.	23.35	4 lghs.
1875	Mar. 20	Oxford	Put. to Mort.	22.02½	10 lhs.
1876	April 8	Cam.	Put. to Mort.	20.19	3 lghs.
1877	Mar. 24	D. H.§	Put. to Mort.	24.10§	.....

* The first university race rowed in outriggers.
† It will be noted that they rowed twice this year.
‡ The first race in which either university rowed in the present style of eights, without keel; also, the first time either rowed with round oars, both using the same kind of oars and boats.
§ Dead heat.

HANLON AFTER ROSS.—Edward Hanlon, the pet sculler of the Dominion, whose challenge to Billy Scharff appears elsewhere, has also deposited a "century" with the editor of *The Canadian Sporting Times* of Toronto, Ont., to prove his earnestness of purpose in sending forth a second challenge to Wallace Ross of St. John, N. B. Hanlon offers him a reasonable amount for expenses if he will consent to row a turning-race of three or four miles on Toronto Bay, on or about June 6, for one thousand dollars a side. These business-like challenges show that Hanlon means to do some rowing this season.

HANLON STAKES $100 FOR A MATCH WITH SCHARFF.

Billy Scharff seems likely to have his hands full this season. Right upon the heels of the ratification of his match with Eph Morris, elsewhere advertised to, comes the subjoined challenge from Edward Hanlon of Toronto, the winner of the principal scullers' prize at the Centennial Regatta, which defi is made solid by a deposit of a century in gold. Such a match as is here proposed would be most pleasing to the American public, who desire to see the young Canadian's powers put to a truer test than they were at Philadelphia, and it is to be hoped that the Pittsburger may see his way clear to make it without interfering with his pending engagement with Morris. It will be observed that the challenge is dated March 16, but it appears to have hung fire, as it did not reach us until the 22d.

TORONTO, March 16, 1877.

FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* Inclosed please find draft for $100, gold, as a deposit on behalf of Edward Hanlon, to row Wm. Scharff of Pittsburg a three-mile scullers' race for the sum of $1,000 a side; said race to take place on Toronto Bay, allowing Scharff reasonable expenses.

GEO. F. OAKLEY,
Secretary Ontario Rowing Club.

SCHARFF AND MORRIS MATCHED.—Already has the aquatic toesin of war been sounded amid the smoke and soot continually enveloping that home of professional carsmen Pittsburg, and at this unusually early period of the year a championship match has been placed upon the docket. Pursuant to a challenge issued on the morning of the 19th inst. by Eph Morris, ex-champion of the States, to his conqueror of last season, Billy Scharff, a meeting was held at Harry Beaumont's, on Smithfield street, that evening, and, with very little of the palaver which generally characterizes match-making, an agreement was entered into for another five-mile turning-race, for the honorable title of champion sculler (now held by Scharff) and one thousand dollars a side, of which amount four hundred dollars were then posted by each principal to bind the bargain. The race is to take place, weather and water permitting, on Saturday, June 9, over the old "first pool" course on the Monongahela River, and the final deposit is to be staked June 5. The other provisions of the articles are essentially the same as those which governed the first match between these men, and the coming contest must prove of interest to those who remember the determined way in which last year's race was contested.

BILLIARDS.

THE UTICA TOURNAMENT.

Full scores and other details of the tournament begun in Mechanics' Hall, Utica, N. Y., on March 19, have been forwarded from a special correspondent in that city. Reserving these official figures for possible publication when the tourney shall have been concluded, we thus summarize the games already played:

No. 1.—C. Knight, averaging 11.14-26, beat John Bessinger by 300 to 273. Best runs—Knight, 101; Bessunger, 65.

No. 2.—W. Burleigh, averaging 14.6-21, beat J. Schaefer by 300 to 268. Best runs—Burleigh, 108; Schaefer, 58.

No. 3.—Schaefer, averaging 9.3-33, beat Knight by 300 to 244. Best runs—Shaefer, 94; Knight, 51.

No. 4.—Burleigh, averaging 8.20-33, beat Eugene Carter by 300 to 236. Best runs—Burleigh, 63; Carter, 43.

No. 5.—Bessunger, averaging 15.15-19, beat T. J. Gallagher by 300 to 180. Best runs—65 each.

No. 6.—Bessunger, averaging 16.12-18, beat Schaefer by 300 to 299. Best runs—Bessunger, 91; Schaefer, 102.

No. 7.—Gallagher, averaging 12.12-24, beat Bu leigh by 300 to 79. Best runs—Gallagher, 52; Burleigh, 15.

No. 8.—Bessunger, averaging 13.15-19, beat Carter by 300 to 278. Best runs—Bessunger, 59; Carter, 76.

No. 9.—Gallagher, averaging 16.12-18, beat Knight by 300 to 229. Best runs—Gallagher, 79; Knight, 4.

No. 10.—Gallagher, averaging 9.3-33, beat Carter by 300 to 188. Best runs—52 each.

No. 11.—Burleigh, averaging 8.20-33, beat Knight by 300 to 201. Best runs—Burleigh, 56; Knight, 34.

No. 12.—Schaefer, averaging 20 (the highest thus far), beat Carter by 300 to 123. Best runs—Schaefer, 100; Carter, 34.

"SPORT IN RENOVO, Pa.—A correspondent favors us as follows under date of March 23: "Billiards at Hyde's here, in game of Connell's billiard parlor last Wednesday evening John O'Connell and I, playing a four-ball game, ran 866 shots. Last evening (Thursday) a game was played, $25 a side, between John O'Connell and John Howard and Wm. Bost and Wm. B. Crouse. Below is score:

HOWARD.—1, 0, 4, 1, 7, 14, 2, 4, 10, 1, 0, 2, 6, 3, 2, 3, 0, 0, 4, 4, 0, 1—70.
BOST.—0, 1, 22, 11, 9, 12, 1, 1, 5, 4, 9, 5, 4, 0, 7, 0, 1, 0, 4, 1, 3 —112.
CROUSE.—10, 3, 0, 1, 2, 0, 7, 23, 1, 10, 0, 1, 1, 8, 2, 0, 7, 13, 1—60
Referee, Samuel L. Hain; scorer, Wm. Jacobs; game, French carom.

PHILADELPHIA ITEMS.—Thomas Soby was buried in the Monument Cemetery on the 19th, all the more prominent professionals in that city attending.....W. E. Hewes will manage the room at the Stockton Hotel, Cape May, next Summer.....It is announced that H. W. Collender will have three or four tables at the Permanent Exhibition on the Centennial grounds.

YANK ADAMS.—This finger-player writes from Westfield, Mass., March 22: "I played in Hartford, Ct., Springfield, Mass., Northampton and Westfield this week, to crowded houses. Return to Boston on 26th, and play one week in that city and surroundings."

ONE MORE IN THE FIELD.—Henry Wartman, once with the late A. Mataran in the restaurant in Beekman street, this city, has opened in Fourth street, Williamsburg, a room with four of H. W. Collender's tables.

THE TRIGGER.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the National Rifle Association, at a meeting held in this city March 20, decided to confine the Spring prize-meeting to one day, instead of stretching the competitions out over a period of three days, as previously. The principal reason for making the change is that the officers composing the committee having the matches in charge are all volunteers, and cannot leave their business for so long a period.

A PIGEON-SHOOT, for prizes aggregating $200, entrance $5, each contestant to furnish thirteen birds, is to be commenced at St. Catherines, Ont., March 28.

FAST AMATEUR RUNNING.—At the Cambridge University meeting (handicap), England, on Saturday, March 3, J. Gibb of the London A. C. entered for the open three-mile run. He started from scratch, and ran well although he was beaten by C. B. King, to whom he was conceding 400 yards, and who beat him out eight yards. He was officially timed as doing the distance in 14min. 46sec., several watches agreeing as to the time; but, although this is faster than any amateur ever before ran three miles, it does not constitute a record, having been done in a losing race.

AMUSEMENTS.

NOTICE
to Circus, Minstrel and Variety People that are coming to Philadelphia, Pa. Good Rooms and Board

THE LOVED AND THE LOST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

[This is a life-like portrait of the girl he loved.—ED. CLIP.]

I loved that girl with as pure a love
As mortal e'er bore for another;
I worshiped the ground she walked upon,
I even adored her mother.
We used to sit under the silver moon,
With her darling head on my shoulder,
And swear that no power should part us two.
Ah! I loved her, and so I told her.

[The cause of his deep distress and woe—taken from life.—ED.]

She used to say that without my love
The world would be cold and dreary;
And of hearing these and similar things
I never got tired or weary.
Ah! the pressure of those passionate lips,
And those hours that flew so fleetly!
Ah! those schemes for the future we fondly planned,
And those vows she lisped so sweetly!

Well, one day there came to the little town
In which we both resided
A "Moral Circus." This sort of thing
No one liked it more than I did;
So I took my darling girl to the show,
And—why prolong the aggravation?
That night she eloped with the moon-faced clown
Of that "Stupendous Aggregation!"

J. H. B.

SANDY SIM:

WHAT HE DID WITH THE DIAMOND CROSS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRY CROTON.

I.

Not many months ago there appeared in the columns of the New York daily newspapers an advertisement which read as follows:

$800 REWARD.—The above reward will be paid for the return of the diamond cross which disappeared on Tuesday from the house No. — Madison avenue. No questions asked.

Had one taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the circumstances which led to the appearance of this advertisement, he would have found that No. — Madison avenue was the aristocratic residence of Mr. Solon Van Valkenburgh, and that the generous reward offered for the recovery of the missing treasure was really but a fractional part of its value. Indeed, the nine diamonds which glittered upon the surface of this gold cross were estimated to be worth not less than a thousand dollars each; so that the owner could abundantly afford to pay the promised sum for the return of the jewel.

The owner, it is, perhaps, proper to explain, was Miss Louise Van Valkenburgh, the daughter of Mr. Solon Van Valkenburgh, and a young lady who seemed especially designed by nature to wear diamonds. Doubtless her many admirers had often told her that the precious gems were not more sparkling than her own luminous eyes, and possibly Miss Van Valkenburgh accepted this statement as true. Nevertheless, when it came to losing the aforesaid precious gems, the young lady found little solace in the fact that she still had her luminous eyes left her. Of course she would have chosen to part with her diamonds rather than with her eyes, but she would have much preferred to part with neither.

On that particular Tuesday to which reference was made in the advertisement, Miss Louise Van Valkenburgh had placed herself in the hands of an attentive maid, to be robed for the opera. The elaborate process of her toilet, which I may be pardoned for not explaining, since it is something that I know less about than I do of theology—the elaborate process of her toilet, I repeat, was brought to a satisfactory completion, when Miss Van Valkenburgh, surveying herself complacently in the dressing-case mirror, remarked:

"Now, Mary, my diamonds."

From a jewel-case, resplendent in pearl and gold, the girl brought out a pair of earrings, set with a single diamond each, and fastened them in the dainty ears of her mistress. Then, unlocking a drawer in the dressing-case, she drew forth a small Russian-leather casket in which the precious cross was kept when out of use, opened it, and uttered a little scream.

"What is it, Mary?" inquired her mistress, who never uttered little screams under any provocation.

"The cross, miss—it's gone!" ejaculated the maid, holding up the empty casket with a look of mingled horror and surprise.

"What do you mean?" demanded Miss Van Valkenburgh, more sharply than the gallant Fitz Noodle would have thought it possible for such an angel to speak.

"It's gone, and, the Blessed Virgin be my witness, I don't know a thing about it."

Thereupon a diligent search was made for the missing treasure, but without avail. Upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber looked Miss Van Valkenburgh and her maid; under the bed and under the bureau and under the carpet itself; in the closet and in the drawers; everywhere, in short, that it would be possible or impossible for the bedizmonded cross to lie concealed was thoroughly explored—and all to no purpose.

Then the servants in the house were put through a rigid examination, but they stoutly protested their innocence, and, indeed, it was not probable that any of them, with the exception only of Mary the maid, could have stolen the cross. They had not entered Miss Van Valkenburgh's room during the day, nor did they ever enter it, save when the lady herself was present. As for Mary, her long years of faithful service lifted her above suspicion, so that the mistress did not for a moment believe the maid to be guilty.

What, then, had become of the diamond cross?

Miss Van Valkenburgh had worn it the night before at the Holdsworth's reception. She remembered distinctly of locking it up in the Russian-leather casket upon retiring, and there was no question but that it was there on Tuesday morning, because she had taken it out to show to her dear and intimate friend Miss Sadie St. John.

"And you are sure you put it back again, are you?" asked her father.

"Perfectly sure," rejoined the young lady. "I locked it up, as I always have done, and, after Sadie went, I practiced for an hour on the piano, while Mary swept my room, and then I went back there and remained until dinner."

After much wise deliberation and many absurd suggestions, the theory was finally adopted, as the most plausible and rational, that Miss Van Valkenburgh's room had been entered by a "sneak-thief" while the family were at dinner, and to the presence of this uninvited guest was attributable the loss of the treasure. Why this discriminating robber should have left the diamond earrings, finger-rings, watch and bracelets untouched, and have taken the trouble to return the casket to its proper place, did not make itself manifest. Perhaps, however, being of a sentimental nature, he had left enough of the jewelry for Miss Van Valkenburgh to adorn her person, and had contented himself with bearing away the cross. Which was certainly a very pleasant cross to bear.

Without, then, attempting to explain the eccentricities of the thief, it was agreed on all sides that a thief there must have been. And, acting upon this conviction, the advertisement which I have here reproduced was inserted by Mr. Van Valkenburgh in the daily newspapers. The services of a private detective were also secured, and, with these measures, it was hoped that the diamond cross would find its way back in good time to the Russian-leather casket in Miss Van Valkenburgh's dressing-case.

II.

Leading out of Baxter street, and within a short distance of the once famous Five Points, there is a court which is reached only through a narrow alley, and which is fronted on four sides by dingy tenement-houses. This court is filled with many barrels and boxes and tin cans, the latter having originally contained tomatoes, and the former affording convenient receptacles for ashes, potato-parings and other refuse matter. Such space as is not occupied by the barrels, boxes and cans is taken up during the greater part of the twenty-four hours by small animated objects, who, if washed with sufficient vigor and separated from the rags which cling to them, would be found to be children. In their existing condition they do not present a very striking resemblance to the human family. Nevertheless, they have lungs and names and appetites like other children; and they can scream with as much lusty vigor as the pink and white cherubs who are wheeled in carriages upon the avenues, and whose doting parents take them to the theatre for the express purpose of exhibiting their vocal accomplishments.

Now, among the houses which face this court, in the topmost story, and in a room which was scarcely high enough to permit a man full-grown to stand erect, dwelt Sandy Sim. Not alone, however. Sandy's mother and father and Sandy's two little sisters all found shelter in that one stifling apartment. As Sandy's father did nothing but drink whiskey when he could get it to drink, and nothing but swear when he could not get it, it was, perhaps, to be counted a matter for rejoicing rather than for regret that Sandy's father spent a goodly share of his time away from home. The few intimate friends who called upon the family felt no delicacy about inquiring after Sandy's father in these words:

"Is the old man on the Island ag'in?"

And if it so happened, as it frequently did, that this interrogatory called forth an affirmative response, the aforesaid intimate friends invariably indulged in the comforting reflection:

"Faith, an' it's the bist place for the likes of him!"

A belief, I may add, which was fully shared by the family of Sandy's father.

In his earlier days, Sandy Sim had rolled among the ash-barrels and tomato-cans like other children who grew up in that court. He had been full as ragged and dirty and uncared for as any of them; and, indeed, now that he had reached the riper age of fourteen, he could not be charged with neatness of attire, nor with any natural inclination towards cleanliness. Yet Sandy was regarded as a very promising young man by all the forty odd tenants of the house in which he dwelt. It was variously predicted that he would become an alderman or a sewer-inspector, or, at the very least, a member of the police-force. And, while waiting for time to verify these predictions, Sandy himself had taken up the temporary vocation of a bootblack. Whether it was due to the superiority of his "shines," or to the natural agility of his tongue, it was at all events a fact that Sandy prospered with the brush; so that he was enabled, not only to contribute largely to the support of his mother and sisters, but likewise to indulge in an occasional evening's recreation at the Bowery Theatre.

It so happened that, on a certain Tuesday morning, while Sandy Sim was polishing the boots of Mr. Samuel Farwell, one of his regular patrons, Mr. Samuel Farwell discovered that he had left an important document at his residence, on Madison avenue. After searching through his pockets half a dozen times, and slapping his breast as if to convince himself that the paper was not on the outside of his coat, Mr. Farwell said:

"Sandy, do you want to earn fifty cents?"

"Yer shoutin'!" rejoined Sandy.

"I want you to go up to my house and take a note which I will give you, and then come back to my office here with a paper. I live at No. — Madison avenue—you know where Madison avenue is, I suppose?"

Sandy glanced up a little reproachfully at Mr. Farwell as he replied:

"Mais av'noo? Well, I thinks I've been there often enough to know where it is—I *thinks* so!"

"Very good," returned the gentleman. "Hurry up with the boots, and I'll give you the note."

So Sandy brought his polishing to a speedy end, while Mr. Farwell wrote directions upon a sheet of paper to have the document he desired given to the bearer. Sandy took the message and started in hot haste for No. — Madison avenue.

It was half-past ten when he rang the door-bell of Mr. Samuel Farwell's mansion. The servant who answered his summons did not deem it necessary to invite such an unpropossessing caller to "walk in," and, therefore, Sandy remained standing upon the broad stone steps while his message was delivered.

Just as the servant came back with the document in hand, Sandy noticed a chambermaid in the house adjoining that of Mr. Farwell's who was shaking a tablespread out of the second-story window—an incident which might not have attracted his attention but for the fact that out of the tablespread fell something which glistened brightly in the morning sunshine. This something, getting an outward impulse from the force with which the cloth was shaken, struck the sidewalk close to the curb, and then bounded into the gutter.

All this Sandy saw, and the maid did not—possibly because the black eyes of the latter were, at that precise moment, fastened upon the coachman on the opposite side of the street, who returned her gaze with smiling interest.

"Heah's dar doc'ment what Massa Farwell wants," said the gentleman of color, handing Sandy an envelope of legal dimensions. "Miss sus says as how you wants to be precious car'fool, an' not lose it!"

"Oh, I'll freeze to it, Julius," remarked Sandy, as he took the paper and went down the steps three at a time. At which the gentleman of color made some observation concerning "white trash" which seemed pertinent to the occasion, and then closed the door emphatically.

Straightway Sandy went to the curb, and, taking a precautionary look at the window where the maid had appeared, stooped down and picked up the something which had flashed in the morning sunlight. And I am compelled to add that he did not, after the manner of all good boys who figure in Sunday-school books, return that something to its rightful owner. On the contrary, he put it into his pocket with the determination of "freezing" to it even more rigidly than he did to the yellow envelope.

I hate mystery, and I will therefore hasten to explain that the something which Sandy Sim found lying in the gutter was the diamond cross which ardent admirers had likened to the luminous eyes of its owner, Miss Louise Van Valkenburgh.

III.

In response to the announcement which appeared in the newspapers, to the effect that the managers of the Simpson Opera-house required the services of fifty young ladies to appear in the new and gorgeous spectacle entitled "The Green Goblin," not less than two hundred ambitious girls presented themselves as applicants. From among these, the critical-eyed stage-manager made his selection, which to those chosen seemed excellent, and to those rejected abominable.

Among the fortunate ones who received a prompt engagement was Maggie Crane, whose shabby dress could not hide her natural beauty. Maggie came from the court in which Sandy Sim lived, and was, indeed, Sandy's particular friend. Whether, like him, she had rolled away the days of her childhood among the ash-barrels and tomato-cans I cannot say; but this much was concededly the truth: At sixteen, Maggie Crane was a prettier girl than one may meet with in a Sabbath-day's journey, even if he travels in a drawing-room car. Her face was as fresh as the orthodox country maiden's is supposed to be, and her teeth were a good deal whiter than milk—than New York City milk, at all events. She had a clear, hazel eye, abundant hair, rosy lips, and perfect features. Her eyebrow, without any penciling, was as exquisitely arched as a Murray-hill belle's, and it would stand the test of soap and water considerably better. How this bright-eyed, pretty-faced girl ever grew up in the surroundings of that sunless court, is something which I am very thankful to be excused from explaining.

Maggie had been thrown out of work a week or two before "The Green Goblin" was put to rehearsal, and she counted herself singularly fortunate in thus obtaining an opportunity to march in the ranks of the Amazons. As soon as the stage-manager had agreed to engage her she hastened back to the court, to tell the good news to her mother and friends. Sandy Sim was duly informed of Maggie's success, and forthwith declared that he should "sour on the Bowery," and patronize only the Simpson Opera-house so long as "The Green Goblin" held the boards.

Perhaps Sandy would have expressed greater satisfaction over Maggie's debut upon the dramatic stage but for the fact that he had something weighing very heavily on his mind just then. This something was the diamond cross which he had carried about in his trowsers-pockets for more than a week. It may truthfully be said with respect to Sandy that the sudden acquisition of wealth had brought him only misery. Not that his conscience troubled him particularly, but that he was absolutely at a loss what to do with his treasure. He rarely read the newspapers—indeed, he rarely read anything, since it called for a strain upon his mental faculties which was not easy to sustain, and he knew nothing of the reward which had been offered for the return of the cross. More than once, to be sure, he had been strongly tempted to take the jewel back to the house on Madison avenue, and trust to the generosity of its owner for a remuneration; but Sandy's ideas of rewards and punishments had been imbibed largely from his Arab associates on the street; and it occurred to him that, while he might get ten dollars for his honesty, he might also get ninety days, or even a more protracted sentence, "up the river," for not having returned the cross at once. As to disposing of the jewel at a pawnbroker's shop, or attempting to sell it, Sandy was too shrewd to entertain such a thought for an instant. He had yet been born in the Five Points for nothing. He had a wholesome dread of falling into the hands of the "cops," and no curiosity to find out how the interior of the Tombs looked. And he had picked up enough of worldly wisdom to know that diamond crosses are not found in the possession of a bootblack without causing trouble.

So Sandy went about with the treasure in his pocket, which, albeit it was studded with diamonds, proved a very heavy cross to bear.

To no one had he confided the secret of its possession, and, therefore, to no one had he been able to turn for advice. His hand had rested upon the precious bauble as he wandered through the streets, and occasionally, in the seclusion of hallways, or behind drygoods boxes, he had taken it out of his pocket and feasted his eyes upon the dazzling brilliancy of the diamonds. Now, at last, the secret was becoming greater than he could keep. He must confide it to somebody, and to whom more fittingly than to Maggie Crane?

Thus reflecting, Sandy determined to show his treasure to the pretty Amazon of "The Green Goblin." Accordingly, he went into her room one day, with the cross in his hand, and said:

"Mag, d'ye want sumfin to wear in the play—sumfin as will make the aujence keep their eye onto yer?"

"Yes, I do," answered Maggie.

"Well, there's the cheese," remarked Sandy, tossing the diamond cross into the girl's lap with delightful indifference.

"Wh-y-y-y, Sandy! Where did you get this?"

"Drawed it in a prize-package of confectionerary!" returned Sandy. "Looks pretty immense, don't it? But them's nothin' but paste, you see!"

"Paste?" repeated Maggie, holding up the cross where the sunlight fell upon the dazzling gems. "I call 'em diamonds."

"They does look like di'monds, that's a fact," said Sandy, "but they's really paste. If you wants to wear 'em to-night, you can."

So it came about that for one evening the diamond-cross of Miss Louise Van Valkenburgh glistened and glared upon the white breast of Maggie Crane. And those who saw it would have been quite as willing to swear it was a sham as they would have been to affirm its genuineness had they seen it worn by a Van Valkenburgh. Thus does association establish the value of all things, even diamonds.

But if the audience at the Simpson Opera-house was convinced of the worthlessness of the cross, Maggie Crane was not. Such jewels, she believed, were not "drawn" in packages of "confectionerary;" and the more this pretty Amazon pondered over the matter, the more thoroughly she became imbued with the idea that Sandy Sim had deceived her with respect to the manner in which he had come into possession of the cross. Acting upon this conviction, she said to him the next day:

"Sandy, what did you tell me you got that cross from a prize-package for?"

"'Cause I did," returned Sandy.

"No, you didn't!" said Maggie. "I know all about it."

Had it not been for the covering of dirt which concealed Sandy's complexion, Maggie would have seen that these words caused his face to turn first red and then white, as he rejoined:

"The cops aint been here, have they?"

"No, but they will be if you don' tell me the honest truth," was Maggie's reply.

And thereupon Sandy told her "the honest truth." When he had finished she said decisively:

"Sandy, you must take this cross back."

"Ketch me doin' it," remarked Sandy.

"If you don't, I shall," said Maggie firmly.

"What's the matter wid yer, Mag?" rejoined Sandy, evidently alarmed at the girl's manner. "We can make a big raise on the cross if we keep it long enough, and if we take it back we'll get locked up. I'll give you half of what I get if you won't say nothing."

"No, you won't," returned Maggie. "It's just the same as stealing the cross to keep it, and I don't believe in stealing."

"But I found it," argued Sandy.

"Yes, and you know well enough who it belongs to. I tell you, Sandy, if you don't take it back you'll be sorry."

"How much do you think it would fetch?" asked Sandy, beginning to waver.

"I don't know nor care," answered the girl. "It aint yours, and if you keep it it won't fetch anything but misery. I never thought you'd steal, Sandy!"

"Who's a-goin' to steal?" demanded the boy indignantly.

"Well, that's what you'll be doing if you don't take back the cross."

"Fork it over!"

"Will you take it back?"

"That's what I'm a-sayin'!"

And she gave him the cross with a glad smile, as she added:

"I knew you wouldn't be a thief, Sandy!"

IV.

If you chance to move in that charmed circle of society which is graced by the Van Valkenburghs, you have heard, doubtless, before this, how the diamond cross found its way back to the Russian-leather casket in Miss Van Valkenburgh's dressing-case. For the benefit of those who are outside of that select circle, I may say that a sharp ring at the door-bell of the Van Valkenburgh mansion was answered one day by the respectable servant, who found a small circular package upon the door-knob, and nothing else. The caller, whoever he was, had disappeared. The respectable servant had taken the small circular package into the house, where Miss Van Valkenburgh's curiosity had prompted her to open it. And within, safely packed in an empty blacking-box, was the diamond cross.

"A most remarkable proceeding," observed Mr. Solon Van Valkenburgh to his friend and neighbor, Mr. Samuel Farwell, as the latter gentleman was having his boots polished one morning. "No demand has been made for the reward, and the thief, whoever he was, must have been afraid to show himself or to keep the cross in his possession. And so he sent it back, and voluntarily gave up nine thousand dollars' worth of booty. I don't believe we should ever have discovered him, had he kept it."

"How much did you say it was worth, boss?" asked the bootblack as he put the finishing touches to Mr. Farwell's calfskins.

"Nine thousand dollars, my lad," repeated Mr. Van Valkenburgh.

"If you had got hold of such a treasure you would probably have kept it, eh, Sandy?" remarked Mr. Farwell as he dropped a ten-cent piece on the floor.

"I'd been a guy if I hadn't!" returned Sandy, picking up his box. "But this here am a curious world!"

EATING THRIFTY QUAILS IN THIRTY DAYS.

It has been many times vigorously alleged that no person could perform the seemingly simple gastronomic feat of eating thirty quails in thirty successive days. What there is about a quail that makes the average human stomach decline it to too frequent visitations none but an analytical chemist with a leaning towards anatomy can decide. The quail has been esteemed a great delicacy since the children of Israel passed through the desert, and had their daily feast of the fowl—not singly, but in showers—and the sacred chronicler fails to record that they were received with repugnance, and they were in the wilderness a month and ten days. A banquet without quail somewhere in the list of dishes has been almost esteemed a failure. Why then its indigestibility? Wherefore its biliousness? This feat, hitherto deemed impossible, has been recently performed by a lady resident of Oakland, Cal., who, in a spirit of banter and on a wager of $500, offered by a humorous son-in-law, and $100 guaranteed by a facetious son, undertook the task, not thinking it at all difficult. She decided to take the pills broiled, and for breakfast. All went well for some days, and it was not until the end of two weeks that the matutinal quail began to be repugnant, breakfast revolting, and life a burden. A plucky, unyielding will came to the lady's aid, and she persevered, and through a season of daily recurring qualms, with frequent fits of dizziness, a listless tendency to obscurity of vision, she finished the last bird, amid the approval of a slightly alarmed household. But she says she does not care to renew the attempt—oh, no!—even for the sake of emulating the Israelites, who lived on them forty days and made no sign. She is now in perfect health, and her bank account is increased by the money so hardly earned.

LONDON hotel-keepers serve up American oysters, apples and cheese as luxuries.

AFTER THE LESSON.

"LILY MELVILLE."—"And that is the end of the lesson, is it?" she said. "And I am sure you are tired to death." "No, not at all," he replied; "shall we go to the piano now?" Mrs. Williams appeared with a tray of wine and jelly, and Clifford looked annoyed. "Miss Lilian's orders, sir," said Mrs. Williams.

OLD LETTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

Aye! fold them up, and lay them away—
Poor old letters, so faded and gray—
Alas! to my heart they only bring pain;
I cannot, *dare* not, behold them again.

They speak of a love withered and dead;
Of hopes once cherished, forevermore fled:
Ah! bitter the tears I weep to-night
O'er words which were once my fondest delight.

Dear God! this one—so dim it has grown,
Yet I may read where he calls me "his own;"
There are traces of tears all over it—see!—
Of joy at the sweet lines written to me.

Aye! fold them up and lay them away,
Poor old letters, so faded to-day;
Alas! to my heart they only brought pain
That will depart from it, ah! never again.

LILY MELVILLE,

OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XXX.

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer Love that run away.—CAREW.

How sweet a peace after a storm would be if it were not so deceptive! Sometimes, notwithstanding human wisdom, one forgets that other storms may and assuredly will arise and break on the serenity of the present. It was true at Riversdall. Mr. Clifford was better. He had had a trying time, a weakening, wearying time, and, added the old doctor, who of course wished to gain credit for a great cure, "a dangerous time."

"A weaker and older man would have fallen through under it," he told Sir Ralph. "For there was something more than the broken arm, something nearer the heart—ahem! A great shock—a great shock, no doubt—disturbed the proper level of the inner muscles—ahem!"

Mrs. Williams had nursed him throughout with something akin to the love and devotion of a mother. No one, not even Miss Lucas, who had tried hard to gain a footing in the sick-room, had been admitted. None besides the doctor and the faithful nurse had heard the delirious man's ravings, and they were not the sort of persons to reveal them.

Mr. Clifford was coming down to-morrow. It was a happy thought for Lilian—a strangely happy one, notwithstanding that she had a right to feel happy at the recovery of the man who had dared and suffered so much for her. She was just under that phase when one's own heart is a great unanswerable puzzle. He had been up, but confined to his own rooms, for some days past; to-morrow he was to journey down to the drawing-room, and to-day seemed longer passing to the beautiful pupil.

To-morrow came, and with it the convalescent. They were seated, Sir Ralph and Lilian, before the fire in the drawing-room—it was cold enough for a fire now, and the grand room looked all the cosier for it—when a quiet tap at the door announced his arrival. Sir Ralph rose and opened it himself, and Mr. Clifford entered. Sir Ralph was too much a man of the world to start, but he might have been pardoned for so doing. Undoubtedly Mr. Clifford had suffered, or the human face tells falsehoods. He was changed, fearfully changed; thin and worn, pale and haggard, he wore in addition a wistful, troubled look that did not entirely vanish even with the smile of respectful gratitude with which he shook the hand held out to him.

"I owe you a great debt, sir," he commenced in his old, grave tone, but slightly weaker; but Sir Ralph stopped him.

"No, no, my dear Mr. Clifford, or you will mar the pleasure I feel in seeing you down again. Come to the fire—there is an easy-chair."

He approached the firelight, and Lilian saw him. She started and trembled so much that Mr. Clifford felt the tiny hand fluttering like an imprisoned bird within his own.

Her "I am so glad to see you recovered," she said in a very low voice.

"Thank you, Miss Melville; I am very grateful for your kind wishes," he said, and his tone was the same every whit as that he used while speaking to her before the accident.

She knew within the bottom of her heart that he would not take the slightest advantage, even in the modulation of his voice, of the service he had done her.

"You must be tired of your rooms and Riversdall," said Sir Ralph after a little conversation on general matters, in which Lilian took the listener's part, stealing glances every now and then at the tutor's wan face.

"No," said Mr. Clifford, "indeed I am not. It would take more than an ordinary life to grow tired of Riversdall. I am longing to get out among the trees, shorn now of their beauty."

"Ah," said Sir Ralph, "a row on the river would be nice for you. Jack Druitt shall take you when you are strong enough, which, I fear, will be some time yet."

"No; I am strong now, and quite recovered," said Mr. Clifford.

Sir Ralph shook his head with stately good-nature.

"Not quite, I think," he said. "I was about to propose, Mr. Clifford, that you should try a little sea-air—say Brighton—for a week or two; it would do you good."

Mr. Clifford looked at the fire.

"I am getting on rapidly," he said. "I think I would prefer to remain at Riversdall, thanking you, sir, for your kind offer no less. I am anxious to resume my duties."

"Oh, not yet, surely not yet," said Sir Ralph—"not yet. Take a little time."

"If I may say so much, I would say that I should feel happier and more content to resume to-morrow," said Mr. Clifford.

Lilian shook her head; but, happening to glance at the wan face, said, rather inconsistently:

"I shall be glad if you are well enough."

Mr. Clifford bowed, and the matter was settled. Sir Ralph never refusing anything his idol proposed. Here Miss Lucas entered, and, after a few words of congratulation to the invalid, stole off to her corner in the shadow, where she immediately commenced the embroidery. The evening passed in quiet conversation, which touched upon all things save the cause of Mr. Clifford's broken arm, which Sir Ralph reserved for a future occasion. As the clock struck ten Mr. Clifford rose.

"Mrs. Williams is arbitrary," he said with a smile. "I promised to return, like a good boy, at ten o'clock, and I must keep my word."

Sir Ralph shook hands, and Mr. Clifford, as he made his formal bow to Lilian, said quietly:

"At ten-to-morrow, as usual, Miss Melville?"

Lilian nodded.

"Yes, if you are well enough, Mr. Clifford," and he retired.

At ten, as he had said, Mr. Clifford was waiting in the library to resume his duties. Lilian was there at the first stroke of the clock. She did not keep him a minute waiting that morning, and she got her books, paper and ink herself, saying quietly, but with a wonderful touch of gentleness in her voice:

"Do not trouble, please; I can carry them better than you, with that arm."

He bowed, and they set to work. If she were all caprice and impudence once, she was all docility and meekness now. She listened to his instructions with downcast eyes and eager ears, she followed every word with the greatest anxiety, and throughout the lesson displayed such a womanly sympathy for his physical weakness that none could tell how much he suffered from the desire to fall at her feet and kiss the graceful folds of her dress in his gratitude and overbrimming love.

"And that is the end of the lesson, is it?" she said. "And I am sure you are tired to death;" and she looked into his face, that wore a new, wistful, troubled look.

"No," he said, "not at all; you have borne with me so kindly. Shall we go to the piano now, or will you practice later?"

"Now," she said, "after I have consulted Mrs. Williams."

He was about to request her not to ring, but with a quiet air of supremacy she rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Williams appeared with a tray of wine and jelly. Mr. Clifford looked, if anything, annoyed.

"I ——"

"Miss Lilian's orders, sir," said Mrs. Williams timidly. "She said I was to bring it when she rang."

He took the wine and drank a glass, and ate a spoonful of the jelly.

"You will not let me forget my weakness, Miss Melville," he said; "I assure you it is past."

Lilian said nothing, but walked from the room, and he followed her. She chose the piece and she played it, looking round at its finish to ask for his criticism. He pointed out one or two phrases, adding:

"I cannot play them, unfortunately."

It was his first and thoughtless allusion to his accident, and Lilian, flushing deeply, seized the opportunity for which she had been longing.

"Mr. Clifford," she said in a low, agitated voice, "I cannot let you think me ungrateful any longer. I have endured a mountain of shame these last few weeks in the reflection that you have suffered so much—ah, so very much for me—and that I should take such a noble martyrdom without acknowledging it and proclaiming my gratitude."

He tried to interrupt her broken sentence, but she persisted, getting from red to pale, and clasping her hands in distress. He looked at her sweet face, so beautiful in its agitation, for a moment in silence; then, averting his eyes, that might have shown too much if they had met hers, he said, speaking by a great effort, coldly and calmly:

"Miss Melville, it has been the one thought that has troubled me, while lying upstairs, that you should overvalue the slight service I did you. If you think for a moment, you will see that anyone would have done the same—any man, high or low, would have stopped that horse. That it was I who happened to be near the spot at the time was an accident—an accident pure and simple. You owe me no gratitude; I did my duty—and—and"—he paused, for he was torturing himself in making the assertion—"and I should have done it for anyone else as readily."

Lilian flushed at the hidden meaning she fancied she detected in the last sentence, and shook her head.

"You cannot explain away your noble conduct by any such sophistry," she said tremulously. "I cannot endure the burden of silence any longer. I must tell papa."

He bowed.

"I have no right to lay a seal upon your lips," he said; "but"—and here his voice grew so low that she could scarcely hear him—"but the morning Sir Ralph or any other person hears the story I must resign my post at Riversdall."

"Why, why?" asked Lilian, trembling.

"Why?" he repeated, fixing his dark eyes upon her. "Why? I cannot tell you. If you cannot conjecture, I cannot, I say—I dare not—tell you."

He rose as he spoke, and hurried away from the piano. Lilian, with her face down, did not look his way till she saw him sink into the chair, and then, looking up, she was alarmed at the fearful pallor of his face.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, almost as pale, and sprang towards the bell.

But he stopped her by lifting up his hand.

"Do not ring, I pray; it is only a passing weakness, and will be gone in a moment."

She obeyed—she could not do less—and, as he covered his face with his thin, emaciated hand, she stole quietly back and commenced playing a sweet, delicious sonata of Mozart's. He listened, and his hand dropped from his face, showing the latter calm and grave again.

"Will you sing?" he said.

She took her songs and chose a soft, mournful one, infusing into the words an intensity of imploring expression that brought his hand to his face again.

"You sang that perfectly," he said. "I can suggest no alteration that would be an improvement."

He rose. Still seated, she turned to him.

"You are not strong enough yet," she said gently, raising her eyes, full of compassion, to his wan face.

He met the glance in all its intensity, and was nearly overcome.

"I am strong enough," he said with almost a groan; "but—but you make me weak!"

The words seemed wrung from him, and, with pain visible in every line, he walked quickly from the room, leaving the beautiful girl with a flushed face and a heart beating wildly with a tumultuous passion that frightened her.

Mr. Clifford did not appear again that day, and the rest of the week Miss Lucas' presence prevented Lilian from the introduction of the painful topic by his pupil. But on the following Monday Jack Druitt appeared at the hall, and, with a dogged air of independence, which was always assumed when under the rooftree of Rivershall, announced that the boat was ready for Mr. Clifford, and that he, Jack, was waiting. Mr. Clifford came down, and, after thanking old Jack for the inquiries he had made during his illness, accompanied him to the boat. At the bank stood Lilian.

"What a beautiful morning for your trip!" she said with the slight flush that always beautified her face when meeting him. "I almost envy you the row on the river—so smooth and beautiful."

"Why don't you come too?" grunted old Jack. "There'll be two of you from the books, then."

Lilian laughed, and the flush grew into a dark red. Old Jack got into the boat and set his sculls.

"Better come, Miss Lilian. You'll be sorry you didn't. Old Jack hadn't to beg and pray like this one time."

"Well, well," she said, as if yielding to the old favorite's grumbling, "don't get out of temper, Jack, and I'll come."

Mr. Clifford gave her his hand. She thanked him demurely, and sat down. Mr. Clifford, with his usual calm respect, was going to seat himself in the middle of the boat, but old Jack prevented him.

"Plenty o' room on this seat," he growled. "Sit down."

"You mustn't make old Jack disagreeable," interfered Lilian maliciously, and Mr. Clifford, perforce, seated himself at her side. The seat was only large enough for two.

"Shall I steer, or you?" said Lilian.

"I," he said.

She passed him the steering-lines and their hands touched. What caused the thrill that ran through them both at the contact? Alas! they were now learning, slowly and surely, and that morning the lesson was finely advanced with.

It was beautiful, as Lilian had said—too beautiful—to talk, and they both leant back, gazing into the water, while the rippling splash of the oars as they rose and fell musically, as if they would have been content to listen all their lives. Suddenly Lilian broke the silence.

"Will you sing something?" she asked in a low voice.

He made no reply; but, after a moment's hesitation, sang the song he had sung on the first night he had been asked to sing at Rivershall. How sweetly it sounded on the light, placid water!—how sweetly, with the singer so near that her hand, if outstretched, would be on his! As she thought it, she was conscious of a most ungovernable longing to touch him, and, yielding to the desire, she, almost unconsciously, let her tiny fingers steal near and touch, with a feather's lightness, his thin long ones. The song fluttered and died out, and his hand closed on hers, while his eyes were bent on hers with a burning gaze. For a moment his passion had full sway, and Lilian could feel the hot blood set his hand on fire, and almost hear the beating of his heart; but he speedily conquered it, and, in a voice that was low and choking, said, pointing to the bank:

"Row to the shore," and covered his face with his hands.

Directly the boat's bow had touched the bank, he sprang out, and hurried away in the direction of the wood. Lilian, trembling with fear and a thousand conflicting emotions, burst into tears, and old Jack, astonished at this conclusion to the trip, stood staring with open mouth.

"Why, what's the matter, missie?" he growled indignantly. "What call have you to cry? Aint you took enough care of? And what's Maester Clifford rush off like a wild dog for? It's my 'pinion your both mad as March hares. It's all o' book-larnin'. I said as how it ud be. Heaven forgive Sir Ralph for lettin' you carry on, say I."

Lilian, after setting the man's fears as to her sanity at rest, landed, and walked, slowly and sadly, home, with a presentiment that the day so happily begun would close with something sad and bitter. Alas! the cloud had already obscured it, and she crept again as she thought of his sharp, harsh cry, and the hard, look upon his face. "Row to the shore." Where would it all end, and whither was she drifting? She entered the hall by the sideway, and hoped to steal to her room unperceived; but as she passed the dining-room door it opened suddenly, and Sir Ralph came out. She sprang suddenly towards him, but stopped suddenly, terrified and aghast at the look upon his face. She had never seen it there before, and the remembrance of it remained with her to her dying day. It was not rage, contempt or despairing sorrow, but a commingling of the three, with a preponderance of the former.

"Is it you, Lilian?" he said, regarding her with a stern and heavy frown. "I thought it might be Mr. Clifford."

He pronounced the tutor's name with an emphatic hatred that drove the blood from her heart, as if she had been stabbed with a knife.

"O papa! tell me what has happened?" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck, and searching his dark face with her love-keen eyes.

"Nothing I can tell you, Lilian," he said in a wild, set voice. "Go to your room, and don't leave it until I give you permission."

"But, papa, papa! Tell me! Oh, you will break my heart! Tell me!"

"I cannot, I will not! I will not insult you, my darling!" he cried wildly, unfastening her arms from about his neck and pointing to the stairs. "Go to your room, and do not leave it, I command you."

Lilian, petrified with grief and horror at the harsh tone and harsher look, bowed her head meekly and paced slowly up the stairs. Before she had got out of hearing she heard a man's voice in the room Sir Ralph had entered. It was Mr. Besant's. She uttered a low cry, and hung to the balustrade for support.

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" she breathed. "What has he done?"

Miss Lucas stole out upon her, and without a word took her to her room.

"Kate, tell me!" she cried wildly, "what has happened?"

But Miss Lucas, immovable as usual, could only tell her that an hour since Mr. Besant had been announced, that he had been closeted in the dining-room with Sir Ralph, and that their voices had been raised as if in some dispute or altercation. Once, too, there had come a short, sharp cry from Sir Ralph, as if he had heard some bad news; but nothing followed, and no one had been summoned to the room. All this Miss Lucas told, keeping her gray eyes fixed cunningly upon the pale face, and winding up with

"But I beg you will be calm. Restrain yourself, my dear Lilian; self-control is a virtue on such occasions as this. Sir Ralph will be displeased if he finds your eyes red and swollen. Pray be calm."

Lilian answered by rising and pacing the room like a tigress robbed of its young.

"Calm!" she cried with haughty scorn—"calm! Silence, Kate, if you have no better word than that for me!"

And before the all-conquering emotion of the true young soul the false one of the spy quailed and shrank.

The hall-door was opened. Lilian sprang to hers, and, opening it, listened intently. She heard her father open the dining-room door, and his voice say sternly:

"If that is Mr. Clifford, show him this way."

Then, unable to endure the strain longer, she fell in a heap upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A man I am, crossed with adversity.—SHAKESPEARE.
Oh, shameful, shameful blow,
That gave more honor in the bearing.—BUTLER.

Mr. Clifford entered the library and bowed to Sir Ralph and Mr. Besant. The salutation was returned by a contemptuous sneer, and Mr. Clifford for the first time got an inkling that something was wrong. He turned to Sir Ralph as the Baronet, in a voice low with suppressed passion, said:

"I have sent for you, sir, to demand an explanation. If you have one to offer, give it readily, I advise you."

He paused, his hand clenched upon the table, his hard-featured face looking harder than ever, confronting the slightly surprised but very calm one of the tutor.

"However willing I may be to give an explanation, sir, I cannot do so, sir, until you tell me what I am to explain."

Mr. Bes

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

One day the pair together met
Without a shade of sorrow,
Though bright To-day felt some regret
That they must part to-morrow.
Said sweet To-day: "To-morrow, dear,
Receive my fondest greeting!
For 'tis not often in the year
That we may have a meeting!"

"But, sister, as this life is brief,
Its objects worth pursuing,
We'll do to-day what my belief
Assures me should be doing.
We've many a settlement to make,
And Time is onward flying;
Advantage of the moments take,
For all the hours are dying!"

"Ah! sweet To-day!" To-morrow said,
"Why haste and fret and worry?
Sufficient is our daily bread
Without this constant hurry!
To business wants we will attend,
And rest a trouble borrow—
There's time enough for all, my friend:
We'll see to them to-morrow!"

But still her sister urged: "To-day
Is just the time to labor!
And putting off is not the way
To finish work, my neighbor!"
To-morrow only shook her head,
Her careless fingers drumming;
"The morning hour has gone," she said;
"Another day is coming!"

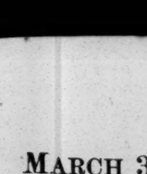
And so To-morrow shirked each task
That present care was needing;
To everything To-day could ask
She used this special pleading;
"To-day is sweet! So says sweet!
Why should we trouble borrow?
If there are thorns to prick our feet
We'll tread on them to-morrow!"

They parted. Working, sweet To-day
Grew into strength and beauty,
While slack To-morrow had her way,
And always shirked her duty.
And this is why—as you may guess—
In scenes of joy or sorrow
To-day is clad in royal dress,
While slipshod goes To-morrow.

"TOTSY:"

A Chance Acquaintance.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. J. W. FOX.



"Oh, my! aint that too sweet? It's just lovely; an' that's me a-settin' at the planner, a-singin' as loud and——"

"Oh, yes; and that's me a-dancin' around with that sweet, pretty gent all dressed up to the nines, an' we're both fine ladies a-havin' a tea-party. Oh-h-h! aint it elegant?"

The eager delight of the shrill, childish voices brought me to a standstill in front of a Broadway show-window, where, in all the glory of full evening-toilets, elaborately dressed flaxen hair, and other gorgeousness in general, a doll's ball was in full swing. Not so very unlike the real thing, either, for a ceremonious stiffness and a genteel air of boredom was apparent in the whole party. We are all dolls, more or less, and some of us are very perceptibly filled with sawdust—traceable, perhaps, to the fact of their being so many block heads loose on the world in general.

The speakers were two little girls, poorly clad, the elder of the two thirteen or thereabouts, rosy and happy-looking, and carrying a great basket that tried her young strength to the utmost; and her companion, a child of eight or nine, with a dark, shrewd little face, a crooked shoulder, and a cruelly-twisted foot, in aid of which a little crutch-stick was deftly managed, and thumped emphatically upon the pavement as the glorious vision proved too much for verbal expression.

"Come on, Totsy; we must go," said the elder reluctantly, shifting her burden to the other arm. "Come on."

"Oh, dear," sighed "Totsy," "I wish I could live right there forever; but maybe they'll be there when I come next time. Do you think they will, Sue?"

I followed the pair, my idle steps tending nowhere in particular, feeling a curious sympathy for the contented child-mind that could look enjoyingly on the glittering attractions of the costly toys without the natural child-longing to possess them.

"I never see *real* ladies a-dancin' round like that. Did you ever, Sue?" queried the shrill treble of "Totsy."

"No; I never did," slowly answered her companion; "but I see 'em once a-gettin' out of their fine carriages, an' a-goin' in a grand house, to a party, I guess, just like that one, an' they was dressed beautiful, an' such lovely cloaks, an' there was carpet for 'em to walk on, like as if the ground wasn't good enough, an' ——"

"Oh-h-h! look here," broke in Totsy, and the little crippled figure made a bird-like dart to the pavement, and she picked up a bunch of early violets, fragrant, though somewhat the worse for wear, with the pin still sticking in the stems, as it had fallen from the heedless wearer.

"Just smell 'em, do!" and the little nose was buried in them in keen enjoyment of the rich perfume; and then Totsy pinned them carefully to her faded shawl, while patient Sue stood by, bent all to one side with her heavy basket.

They parted at the corner, and Sue was lost in the human stream, and I followed the crutch-stick, pattering down the pavement to one of the lesser parks, where Totsy sank on a bench with a long sigh of relief, and, folding a pair of grimy hands in a grimier lap, sat looking at the sunset-light on the trees, and evidently awaiting someone.

An orange offered her at this juncture and a quiet question or two loosened her tongue, and soon she was talking volubly, with a curious admixture of childishness and unchildlike wisdom, quite in keeping with her small, shrewd face.

"Me an' Jim live at 430 —— street, third-floor back," she said. "No-m, we aint got no parents, but Miss Riley she takes care of us, an' oh! aint she a sharp 'un! She washes for a livin', she do, an' while she's to work she has to mind little Ted an' keep him out of mischief; an' he's the tryingest baby sometimes, when he gets mad an' pulls my hair awful, an' it makes me cry; but then he do cuddle up so cunnin' and say so cute: 'Ted sorry, Totsy,' that I jist love him then. Jim says I musn't never git out of temper with him an' push him, 'cause I might hurt him bad, an' then I'd be sorry forever-n-ever; an' Jim knows, for that's the way I got this," with a light touch of the crippled foot; "for, you see, Jim got mad at me an' pushed me down into the airy, ever so far down, an' I didn't know Jim nor nothing for ever so long—but he didn't mean to, an' he's sorry all the time," she added, in quick alarm that I might blame "Jim" by word or look. "An' you don't know how good he is to me, an' he says there's them that knows how to untwist crooked feet, an' straighten up bent shoulders, an' when he gets to be a man, an' has his pockets full of money, he'll have 'em untwist mine, an' then I'll be as nice an' straight as them little girls of yourn," glancing wistfully at my little daughters, who stood looking with pitying eyes at this new phase of childhood. "Then I can roll a hoop an' jump rope, an' dance, too, maybe, an'——"

She ceased speaking, and sat looking dreamily forward, lost in an effort to realize so glorious a prospect, but for you, poor, patient Totsy, never, oh, never to be!"

I recalled her from dreamland.

"Do you like flowers, Totsy? Were you ever in the country?"

"Oh, don't I, though? I never was in the country, but," with a gleeful laugh, "I was to Central Park once."

"Indeed," I said.

"Yes, indeedy," she continued, her eyes kindling at the remembrance. "You see, Jim he runs arrants downtown all day long, an' he has to give all his pennies to Miss Riley, 'cause there's a-many of us to feed, an' we don't hardly ever have none to spend for ourselves. But one Saturday evening, Jim he was a-goin' on a arrant as hard as ever he could pelt, when he see a gent drop a parcel out'en his coat-pocket. The gent he was a-walkin' fast, an' he never missed it at all. So Jim he picks it up an' runs after the gent, an' he had to run so fast an' so far he couldn't hardly speak when he ketched him up. But he gave him the parcel, an' was comin' away when the gent says he's a honest boy, an' up and gives him a dime—a whole dime. Then Jim says to himself, he says: 'Now Totsy shall have a treat. I'll take her out to Central Park, an' she shall see how it looks in the country.' Well, the next Sunday, an' there wasn't no arrants to run, so Jim says: 'You save a piece of your bread at breakfast, Totsy, an' put it in your pocket—an' I did. An' after little Ted was got to sleep, an' Miss Riley had gone downstairs to a neighbor's room, Jim says, soft like: 'Git your hat, Totsy, an' come with me.'"

A long pause here, in which my eldest girl—rather a dainty little damsel—looked askance at the battered arrangement of straw and ribbon that perched itself on Totsy's thick, black locks.

"Well?" said I.

"Oh, yes," said Totsy, suddenly aroused from a dream. "Me an' Jim stole downstairs real easy, an' when we got outside Jim says, says he: 'Totsy, I'm a-goin' to take you to Central Park.' An' *he did*," cried the little thing joyously. "An' we went in the cars like the rich people, and Jim he stood outside on the platform, like a man; and, when the conductor came round for his money, Jim he pays him as grand as he can, an' says, a-pointin' to me: 'That's my lady, sir.' And everybody laughed. But I didn't care. Jim knows, I guess."

"What did you see at Central Park?"

"Oh-h-h, my! I don't hardly know," she said slowly, as the unwonted beauty of the scene repeated itself in her memory. "I don't hardly know—most everything in the world, I guess. I saw the dear little rabbits—*live* ones, you know—an' birds an' trees an' bright water, an' such lovely flowers—seems to me I can smell 'em now—an' lots of ladies an' darlin' little children. We didn't say nothin' to nobody, but I jist looked an' looked an' looked, an' when a beautiful blue butterfly flew by me I forgot I was lame, an' I tried to run—an'—I couldn't, and I 'most cried; but Jim he says: 'O Totsy! you don't want the butterfly. Why, you'd kill it in no time in your hot little hands.' Then he showed me a place in the bushes where we could sit down an' eat our bread, an' there was a little bird come, an' we gave it some dinner too. We stayed there all day, an', when the moonlight came an' made everything white, I hunted all over for fairy-rings, but I couldn't find none."

"Fairy rings!"

"Yes, fairy rings," with a wise little nod. "Don't you know? Old Mis' Kelly, who lives on our floor, an' is so old she can't do nothing but sit in her cheer and smoke, she says she come from a place way over the sea—the big blue sea that sparkles so—an' she says the fairies dance on the grass by moonlight in rings, and they are all beautiful an' silver-like. But she says she never seen none, 'cause she warn't born on a Sunday. An' maybe I warn't born on a Sunday, an' that's the reason I couldn't find 'em, 'cause she says no one can see the fairies 'thout they're been born on a Sunday."

"And how did you get home?" I asked.

"Well, me and Jim walked home. Leastwise, when I was tired Jim carried me pickaback, an' they was a-singin' in the churches, an' we set on the steps to listen, an' the stars was a-shinin', an' oh! it was beautiful. An' nights when my shoulder's bad, an' little Ted hunches me, I jist think of it all an' go off to sleep so nice you can't think."

"And what did Mrs. Riley say?"

"She was pretty mad, an' scolded dreadful; but I didn't mind it much then—*'cause, you see, I'd been.*"

Poor little philosopher!

"Do you often come here, Totsy?"

"Yes'm, as often as I can, when Mis' Riley let's me. She's real good, too, if she does scold, an' she let's me come real often. Jim likes to have me come an' wait for him here. He says he likes to think when he's tired and hungry: 'Totsy's a-waitin' for me in the square.' An' Jim says when he gits to be a man he means to be President; an' I guess he will be, too, for he says it don't take nothing to be President but a heap of cheek, an' blowin' round, makin' folks think you're somebody. An' you needn't have learnin', 'cause you have a man to do all your readin' an' writin' for you, an' you don't have to do nothin' but ride in your carriage, and smoke (but I shouldn't think they'd want to do that—it's nasty, I think; I tried to smoke once a stump I found, an' it made me sick—awful sick). But Jim says then we'll go an' live forever in the country, 'an he says ——."

What other delights Jim may have had in store will never be known, for just then a boy of fourteen or so turned into the square—rough-haired, freckled, pug-nosed, shabby as to his attire, and altogether homely as to his appearance; and with a cry of delight Totsy pattered off to meet him, the crutch-stick beating a pitiful tune on the pavement, and the poor, little, shrunken foot hanging helplessly down. I heard the delighted "O Totsy! are you here?" I saw the loving kiss pressed on the eager face upturned to his, and I noted the protecting clasp of his hand as they passed down the street away from my ken.

O poor Jim! Only an errand-boy, hard-worked and underpaid, with a life-burden of sorrow in the little sister, crippled forever by your angry hand—trying all your benighted best to be to her what she can never be to herself—who shall dare to say how your account may stand at that Last Day?

Poor, patient little Totsy!

The sunset gleams died off the tree-tops, a few stars came out in the far-off blue, as, taking my little daughter's hands in mine, I walked slowly homeward through the mild Spring-evening.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The train that left Augusta, Georgia, on Sunday, Jan. 30, 1853, for Charleston, South Carolina, under the conductorship of Captain Jim Meriden, carried as merry a crowd as ever left the southern bank of the Savannah River. Among those who stepped on board were Mr. Mark Lewis and his twin friend Ike Everett, bound to get even on Elizabeth McNairy if possible, and determined to send Jake Fresh on a walking tour by breaking *that spout* which had more bars on its ivory ball than could be counted in the whole city of Augusta.

Full of fun, because the mischief which was in their heads was all fixed in college a few days before, they took seats alongside of Jim England and Jake Fresh, and became attentive listeners to the numerous stories told by Mr. Jim England, who was noted for being the most capital yarn-spinner in all that section of country lying between the Patuxent River and Mobile Bay. Mark would get his oar in every now and then to relieve the failing voice of Jim the stentorian; and when in the nature of things there was a few moments' quiet that section of the car, Tidmarsh of Robinson's Circus would waken the echoes and set them to roaring with laughter by telling of Pat Flanigan and his pitchfork, which story he repeated at intervals seven times during the ride, and each time with the same effect. Poor "Tid" has handed in his checks long ago, and is now planted on the banks of the muddy Mississippi; but no doubt there are some living who remember him for his genuine wit, and the "pilot-fish" of John Robinson's famous circus.

As for Ike—quiet Ike, Mark called him—whenever he had a chance to get in edgeways "I'm off for Charleston early in the morning" was heard throughout the cars, waking up those who were trying to get a few winks; but one and all seemed so pleased with the song that an encore was called for, which generally ended with a solid chorus, and a jamboree to back it. All this pleased Old Jake, and more especially the song, which generally called forth from him the following comments:

"My young friends," speaking to Mark and Ike, "you are bound to make your mark in this world, no matter whether it is in dissecting some old sport, or in beating the spout."

This was said so often that quiet Ike once remarked:

"Uncle Jake, it would be funny if somebody beat your old spout just once."

There was no heed taken of this remark, and the night was spent as described, and the next morning early the train arrived in Charleston, with its passengers all safe and sound. Mark and his inseparable put up at the Pavilion Hotel, kept by one Butterfield, a prince of hosts, and thoroughly posted in all things connected with racing, and who received a note from the proprietor of *The Augusta Globe*, saying: "Take care of my boys, and, if there are any points to be given away, don't forget them." The boys were all right, for the note did it; but still they had a hankering after their friends, who scattered around, and they were more especially concerned about the whereabouts of Jake Fresh and his spout; nevertheless, they were happy, for Jake was sure to find them. After breakfast the companions in mischief took a stroll to the Magnolia Race-track, which was an easy walk from the city, and on arriving there were surprised at seeing so many horses, for every box had an occupant, and the stables that were in Augusta the week before had received accessions, and one of them had been strengthened not only in numbers, but in another way, which was kept dark even to the backers of Gold Pin.

On Tuesday, Feb. 1, 1853, the regular races over the Magnolia Course commenced, and those who have been fortunate enough to attend the meetings in olden times will remember the sport, and never forget the hospitality of the people and endless pleasure during the carnival-week of the Charleston races; but to the followers of racing in the present age it may not be amiss to say a few words about how racing was conducted in the Palmetto State in the good old days gone by forever. The club was composed of the most wealthy men in South Carolina, and the purses given were bounteous in the liberality which attracted the attention of horseowners all over the South and Southwest, thereby bringing the best horses to compete against one another. Of course, the prizes to be run for in those days did not represent as much in figures as they do at present; but money then seemed to have a greater value; and, in proof of this latter fact, the general admission to the grounds of the Magnolia Course was only five cents, giving everybody, no matter how poor, an opportunity to enjoy a day's recreation and sport, thereby making five holidays in succession, which is well known everybody in large cities stand much in need of. To be sure, every man and his mother-in-law took advantage of the situation, for it only came once a year, and those who could afford it and were, like "Barkis," willing, could get a seat on the stands by paying a little more; but the purses came out of the club's treasury and entrance fees, and to a stranger it would seem that the purses were gotten up for the sole purpose of amusing the multitude. Among the noted horses on the grounds at this time were Jeff Davis, Highlander and Elizabeth McNairy, whose performance in Augusta a week before in beating Gold Pin, a daughter of the renowned Boston, seemed to scare them all; and for what reason cannot be seen, for the time made was terrible slow in three-mile heats—5:50, 5:55; but at all events they scared worth two cents, and Jeff Davis won the first race of the season, and on the next day Highlander went to the front, leaving people to think that, for the Jockey Club race of three-mile heats, the two that contended a week before would try conclusions once more; but, as it turned out, Gold Pin did not run at all during the meeting.

The boys wagered a little on Tuesday and Wednesday's racing with various results, except Jim England, who was blessed with the knack of picking out the loser right straight along; but the twins had other mutton to fry, and were waiting patiently for the great day, which at last came. But on the night before, when the nominations for the great race were handed in, everybody was surprised at learning that C. Green would not start Gold Pin, but, instead, a three-year-old bay colt by Pamunky out of Sarah Washington, named Escape, and his only competitor would be the conqueror of the Virginia stable in Augusta—Elizabeth McNairy. So it was the same old fight—Virginia against Tennessee. But of this young representative of the Old Dominion the general betting public could tell nothing, and the only conclusion they could come to was that he must be a dark one. But, dark as he was, the backers of McNairy had great confidence in her staying qualities, and backed her to win. Among the others who were troubled by this change of base in the Doswell-Green stable were Mark Lewis and his side-partner Ike Everett, who, as soon as the entries became known, hied away to find Mr. Butterfield and get his opinion of to-morrow's race. They found that worthy gentleman enjoying a game of whist, but at their solicitation he excused himself for a few moments, and retired into a private parlor for a brief consultation.

"What is Escape, and what are his chances of winning the race to morrow, Mr. Butterfield?" queried Mark, who generally did all the talking, and left the singing to his friend Ike.

"Well, my young friends, in the first place Escape is a horse; in the second, he is out of Sarah Washington, and was bred near the Slashes, which is the birthplace of Henry Clay; and in the third place, *he will win*, for the names of Washington and Clay in this connection are a sure omen of success, as those two names are born winners, by the Great Eternal! But don't pump the well too dry. Only remember that the name of the winner of the Jockey Club Purse will be Escape, and there is no escape from it unless he should be poisoned to-night, which I do not fear."

"But, Mr. Butterfield," quoth Mark, "what do you know of this horse's performances?"

"Don't ask me too many questions, my young friends, because it might lead to a breach of confidence; but bet your money on the horse that was bred in the Slashes, and I will take half of all you wager."

"We will abide by your advice, Mr. Butterfield, but prefer not to cut it up in three parts. So we will not count you in. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, my young friends; keep out of mischief, and bet on Escape."

With this advice Mr. Butterfield returned to the whist-room, and the twins departed on a mission which to them was uppermost, and which was planned in Augusta, but this night or never it was to be put into execution. Walking down Meeting street slowly, they finally reached the theatre, and began to reconnoitre, when, as luck would have it, the first house they entered was the one in search of, and where they found Jake Fresh, who received them with all that suavity of manner he possessed; and, as he was not engaged particularly, the boys got him into a conversational mood, and retired into a side-room to enjoy the dose that killed the Kentuckian.

"Now, Uncle Jake, where is that ball of yours, for I want to look at it?"

"Why, certainly, my boy, you can gaze on its beauties as long as you want to;" and, so saying, Old Jake went after the ball that was the cause of so much anxiety to Mark and Ike. It was brought, and Uncle Jake descanted on the beauty of its shape, and the even chances of the player, all of which Mark took in, and handed the ball to Ike, who toyed with it as a little girl does with a plaything, while Mark, in the meantime, got the old man to tell that story about his horse Jenny which he commenced in Augusta, but never finished. Jenny was a weak point of Jake's, and whenever he told the story he became excited, because he was completely wrapped up in that subject. While he was pouring forth his eloquence, quiet Ike was working that ball in a way that was cruel, for the young imp had some kind of preparation in his pocket with which he daubed all over the black "bars" in an artistic way, and never touched the other colors. When Jake finished his story Ike had finished the ball, and after a little more sucking through straw, Ike handed the lump of ivory to Jake, saying:

"Mr. Fresh, I came near putting it in my pocket. I am so forgetful."

"All right, my boy. Before I forget it I will put it away."

And he did. Then, after a few minutes' conversation about the relative merits of the contending nags in the next day's race, the trio separated, and the boys returned to the pavilion.

"It's all right, Mark," says quiet Ike; "I made a good job; and, if Old Jake don't find it out by to-morrow, we will make it red-hot for him;" and, so saying, the pair turned in to dream of "spouts," "bars," racehorses, and any number of Old Jakes.

The morrow was ushered in bright and mellow as the skies that hovered above the Palmetto State, and from early morn until noon the road to the race-course was thronged with people; for this was *the* day of all others, and the scenes on the road and inside the grounds reminded one of Asquith, near Liverpool. The twin companions were up early, for the fear of the "bars" being rubbed off or discovered robbed them of their sleep, and immediately after breakfast they departed for Magnolia on foot, where, upon arriving, the first object sought was the horse Escape, who was to battle for their money as well as others, and Mark fell in love with him in an instant, as he stood outside of his box, undergoing some preparation for his coming struggle. By noon the crowd on the stands and grounds was immense, and the betting was even up, and plenty of it. Mark and Ike got a good slice of it, and then, with cautious steps, they entered the booth to make a friendly call on Uncle Jake, who greeted them in his usual manner. Being satisfied that no sharp eyes had cast any affectionate glances on those "bars," they buckled in and bet on the black, and black she came. With some few exceptions, when it came red, blue, or bar either, black came to the rescue; but, to avoid suspicion, the students would at times take in the red or blue. When the first heat of the race was called everybody rushed out, of course, and Ike and Mark, in looking over their spoils, discovered that they were over one hundred dollars winner. This was only a beginning, for the time for them to make it hot for Jake Fresh was between heats; and now their whole interest was centred on the race; but just before the horses started Jim England came over to the boys, and, shaking a "century" in their faces, dared either of them to cover it against McNairy, which proposition was received with thanks, and covered on the instant. To an even start both horses jumped away, and it was not long before the youngster cut out the running and made the pace so terrific for McNairy that her jockey came to think that no Gold Pin was in that race. All the way round, from start to finish, Escape kept the lead, and it looked as if he were trying to distance her; but a poultice of whip kept her straining, and at the end she was three lengths behind, looking fearfully distressed, and her sides puffing like bellows, while the young one went under the string, winning the heat in 5:41, which was very good time for those days; but he looked quite tired. Mr. Butterfield spied the boys from the members' stand, and, rushing over to where they were, exclaimed: "My wards! did you bet your eternal fortune on that scion of Old Virginia?"

"We have bet considerable money on the race, sir. But what do you think of it? For it is not over yet."

"Think of it, my boys? Why, there is only one thing to think of, and that is that the mare is already beaten. So, if you have any more money, lay it out at three—or even five—to one, and you'll make money."

But Mark's ideas were not running that way, for they were a kind of *fresh* just then, and he, in company with quiet Ike, gave Mr. Butterfield the slip, and entered the haven of wealth once more, when, with no more ado, they again tackled that color on which there were no "bars," for there was no time to be lost, providing Mr. Butterfield's opinion was correct. "Bar Blue" came only once during the time between heats, black without a "bar" constantly showed up, and Ike kept his word by making the old man red-hot. It was the warmest game for a short time ever seen on the Charleston race-track, for the boys would "parrellee," and Old Jake's mouth was going as if he were chewing a tenpenny nail, and at last, unable to keep in, he shouted; "Boys, I've been playing this ere game, man and boy, for many a year, and I've never seen such infernal luck before. What have you been doing?"

"Doing! Why, we have been betting on Escape. That's good enough, aint it?" says quiet Ike.

But still it came black, and, when Mark requested Old Jake to spin that yarn about Jenny, the latter retorted by saying:

"D——n Jenny, and I must say, for young men, you have the most all-fired impudence I ever seen to ask a man to spin a yarn when he is seven or eight hundred loser. But, as I remarked once before, you two are bound to get along in this world." And with this speech old Jake shoved that ball up the spout with extra force, when down she came, and, after wriggling about in the bowl for a few seconds, turned up—black! Jake was wound-up; but the boys did not know it, as just then it was announced that the second heat was about to commence, and the usual rush was made outside. But as the boys were going out of the door they heard Jake shouting:

"Don't come near me any more to-day, if you love me, for I am ruined; but to-morrow I'll give you all another feed."

At which the boys laughed, and said to themselves:

"I guess not."

When the horses started for the second heat, the mare had a little the best of the send-off, and kept the lead for some time, making it appear as if she would be the winner; but the jockey on Escape was holding him back, and saving this pet of the Slashes for the finish, which soon came. As they entered the third mile the horse was given his head, and before they rounded the first turn he passed the mare, and she immediately pulled up, completely played out, and Escape went home an easy winner of the race in 1:49, making the heats and race in 6:03. Tennessee returned the honors triumphant to Augusta, and lowered her colors to Virginia; but it was a sad day to the backers of McNairy, and Jim England commenced right there and then to drown his losses in wine, which he indulged in so freely that, by the time he got in New York City Sept. 14, 1863, he died in a state of delirium tremens.

During the week there was a wild rumor circulated around the principal resorts that gold in abundance was buried on the Battery; but very few believed it, and very few had the courage to attempt any digging on the beautiful promenade where the residents of Charleston took their daily walks and breathings from the sea. But it was left to those wild college-boys from Augusta to find a way for more mischief, as they were not satisfied with what they had already done to Uncle Jake. So they saw Tidmarsh, and the three were down in the dark on Smith's row of cottages in Market street, where a lantern and a spade were left for a special purpose; then, wending their way backwards, entered the bar of the Charleston Hotel, where Jim England was seen walking up and down as if in a dream. They approached him, and he, after a spell, recognized Mark by saying:

"You're the boy who won my last hundred—lend me a twenty."

"Why, certainly, Jim; and you can have more if you want it, for by to-morrow morning all the boys in the secret will have more money than they can carry, and at twelve to-night we are going down on the Battery after that gold. All of our lamps and spades are now in Smith's, and you can bet we are lucky enough to find it."

Mr. Jim England called for another bottle, which, being punished, he excused himself, and bade the boys good-night; but the boys were not far behind him when, in his maudlin state, he started down Meeting street, and into Smith's he entered. The trio stood in the market, waiting for Jim's reappearance; and they did not have long to wait, for out he came, with lantern in hand and spade on his shoulder, steering leisurely for the Battery, and they followed at a respectful distance. As soon as the objective point was reached, Mr. Jim England made his way to the eastern end of the Battery, which satisfied the boys that Jim was *posted*, as that was the identical spot where the gold was said to be buried. Placing his lantern on the ground, he pulled off his coat and commenced to dig in earnest; but had hardly time to get warm when a rough voice reached his ear, saying:

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

"Worthy friend, my name is Timon, and I am turning over mother Earth in search of that filthy stuff called gold; and, if I am lucky enough to find it, you shall have it all, for I want none of it."

Mr. Policeman, for such he was, had no reverence for Shakespeare, even if he had any knowledge of such a person, for he said:

"Mr. Timon, I'm sorry to disturb you in your excavations; but you must come with me to the caliboose, and we will see about this gold."

Poor Jim, quiet as a child, allowed the policeman to lead him; but he held on to the spade and lantern, saying:

"These things belong to a most worthy man named Smith, who was kind enough to loan them to me."

It was a funny sight to see Jim England enter the calaboose with spade on shoulder and lantern in hand; but it was no fun to him; for, next to killing one of the buzzards around the market, it was a most serious offense in the eyes of the Charlestonians to attempt the destruction of the Battery, and Mark rushed off for the Pavilion Hotel and aroused Mr. Butterfield—who was dreaming of Henry Clay—and enlisted his services in behalf of Jim England.

"It is a most grevious offense, my boy, and how came your friend to act so foolish?"

Mark stated that he and Ike wanted some fun, and, failing in with Tidmarsh, they played this joke on Mr. England, not dreaming of the result. When Mr. Butterfield entered the calaboose he explained everything to the officer in charge, and offered to be responsible for the prisoner's appearance at court; and Tidmarsh, who was as well known in Charleston as in any other city, told the story in his own funny way, which resulted in the dismissal of Mr. Jim England with a reprimand. "Tid" did it, for police-officers in the South always had a weakness towards a circus-man. Mr. Jim England was taken to his hotel—the Charleston—and, after being put to bed, Mark went to the clerk and handed him a fifty-dollar note, to be given to the gold-digger when he got sober.

"What name shall I mention?" asked the clerk.

"Mr. Mark Lewis, if you please."

"I shall do so with pleasure, Mr. Lewis; and, while I think of it, I would say that it will be to your advantage to leave this city as soon as possible, unless you want to shed blood; for there was a man named Fresh around here a while ago, inquiring for you and flourishing a pistol, on which he said there were no bars."

"Ike," said Mark, "there is no use in getting into trouble with Uncle Jake, so we will *bar* him by skipping on an early train for Augusta."

Which they did, perfectly satisfied with the trip to the Charleston races.

SPERRY.

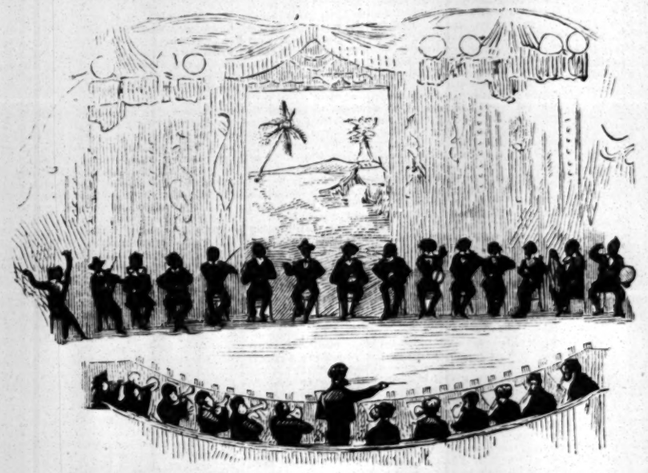
AN EARLY RISER.—A housemaid boasting of her industious habits said she rose at four, made a fire, put on the kettle, prepared the breakfast, and made all the beds before any one in the house was up.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PART I.



WITH THE POETS.
BY NIX.

BONES.—Mr. Johnsing, does you lub poetry?
INTER.—Yes, Bones, very much; it is the object of my especial adoration.
BONES.—It is, eh? Who's your favorite author?
INTER.—I have no especial one—I read them all with delight. Who is your favorite author, Bones?
BONES.—Mother Goose!
INTER.—How odd! Nevertheless, she was a poet.
BONES.—Yes; and she wrote about de minstrels.
INTER.—How so?
BONES.—Don't she say: "Hark, hark, de dogs dey bark; de beggars hab come to town?"
INTER.—How can you have the *Hark* to say that?
TENOR.—These words you will have to *Chaucer*.
TAMBO.—His *Wordsworth* nuffin to us; don't mind him.
INTER.—It is his language that *Burns*.
TAMBO.—You can't get a-*long*, *fellow*, wid us, ef you talk like dat.
BONES.—Well, den, I'll *Reade* up, an' hab somethin' nice for my nex' quotation.
INTER.—Yes, do; say somethin' *Whittier* next time.
BONES.—I'll say somethin' *Moore* sootable, thus:

De minstrel boys hab come to town,
Dressed in their nicest suits,
Wid shiny hats and waxed moustache
And nobby box-toed boots;
Oh, dear, they look so charming,
Those high-minded galoots.

INTER.—A rather doubtful sentiment, Bones. Who is the author?
BONES.—Me! I'm him. Oh, I'm chock full of it. I've got one for everybody.
INTER.—Ah, indeed? Then favor us with a verse about Tambo.
BONES.—Wid pleasure:

Behold his gorgeous make-up,
His head like a tureen;
His diamond ring am flashy
And his shirt bosom clean.

INTER.—That will do, all but the diamond ring. Let the gentle-voiced tenor be the subject of your next spasm.
BONES.—Yes, sar; here goes:

The graceful tenor gaze upon—
His voice is wondrous sweet,
He cultivates a diamond-pin
And prides himself on feet;
Of style and elocution
With Evarts he'll compete.

INTER.—Good enough; that will do for you, Bones; we will ——
BONES.—Hold on, Mr. Johnsing, I hab one for you: you can't get off dat way.
INTER.—Oh, very well, Bones: I don't care. Go ahead. But, I warn you, play lightly, or dear shall be the penalty.
BONES.—Who's afraid? Here's at you:

The model interlocutor
A man of talent is;
Dey say dat he's a nobleman—
You can tell it in his "phiz."
He dotes upon the ladies
And understands his "biz."

INTER.—You let me down quite easily. But have you nothing to say of yourself, Bones?
BONES.—Oh, my, go 'long; I'm too bashful. But if I must, I must. Here it is:

Marvel of modesty, beauty and wealth
(Company groan).
The very incarnation of health
(Cries of "Help! Help!").
All nature smiles as you pass by
(Cries of "Help! Help!").
You are the cynosure of beauty's eye.

INTER.—There, there, there! What have we done that we should be afflicted in this manner?
TAMBO.—"All nature smiles" to see what big foo-foo you is. Dat's de fust time I eber heard of beauty habin' one eye.
INTER.—Do not be too critical, Tam.; he will soon be over that fit, and in the meantime, to allay the excitement, let Signor Alforgetti favor the audience with the new and plaintive ballad:

LOVELY LILLIE LYLE.

My Lillie Lyle, my Lillie Lyle,
Was lovely as the rose,
As placid as the ev'ning star
At twilight's calming close;
The snowy plume her hat displayed
Waved not more pure and fair,
Her sparkling eyes were floating gems—
Like gold, her auburn hair;
The moss-rose, slumb'ring in its bed,
Ne'er woke a sweeter smile;
But now, alas! she's lost to me—
My lovely Lillie Lyle!

Chorus.—O lovely Lillie Lyle!
However far apart,
Methinks I see thee smile
The smile that stole my heart.

Her fairy form I oft behold
On ev'ry passing breeze,
Her songs of sweetest love I hear
Oft quiv'ring through the trees;
Her merry laughs ring in my ears
Just as they often rang,
And I behold in mem'ry still
The mellow lips that sang;
But now, alas! her thrilling glance
No more mine eyes beguile,
For she is gone and lost to me—
My lovely Lillie Lyle.

Chorus.—O lovely Lillie Lyle, etc.

Yes, though her heart's another's now,
And beats no more for me,
Yet I will teach my soul to pray
That she may happy be;
And though she may bestow no thought
Where once her smiles were cast,
In memory's garden she shall bloom
Still lovely to the last;
This bursting heart shall ever feel
The beauty of her smile,
Though she is gone and lost to me—
My lovely Lillie Lyle.

Chorus.—Yes, lovely Lillie Lyle, etc

PART II.

IN FREDERICKSBURG, VA., IN 1819.

Edwin Browne contributes an advertisement which he cut from an old paper in the city above named. James B. Caldwell made his first appearance in America, in Charleston, S. C., in November, 1816. In 1817 he managed a theatre in Washington, D. C., and in 1818 built a theatre in Petersburg, Va.; in January, 1820, he engaged the French Theatre in New Orleans, La., for English performances, and commenced building the first American theatre there in 1822, and opened Jan. 1, 1824. He built other theatres, as follows: Nashville, Tenn., 1826; St. Louis, Mo., 1827; Natchez, Miss., 1828; Cincinnati, O., 1832; and the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La., 1835, which was destroyed by fire March 13, 1842. He retired from the stage Jan. 14, 1843, and died in New York City Sept. 14, 1863. Mr. Entwistle, although a good actor, marred his impersonation by indiscretions, and finally committed suicide in New Orleans, La.

THEATRE, FREDERICKSBURG.
LAST PERFORMANCE TWO.

The last time of the melodramas of "Blue Beard" and "Inkeeper's Daughter."

THIS EVENING, OCT. 2, 1819,
will be presented the melodramatic piece of
THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

Richard.....Mr. Caldwell | Hans Kotzler.....Entwistle

After which will be acted the petite comedy translated from the French comedy of
ADOLPHE ET CLARE.

Delavel.....Mr. Caldwell
Deddy Fitz Gralaghan McMullinoch O'Clogherty.....Mr. Entwistle

The whole to conclude with the dramatic romance of
BLUE-BEARD, OR FEMALE CURIOSITY.

Shackshack.....Mr. Caldwell | Selim.....Mr. Entwistle

In preparation, "Timour the Tartar, or the Georgian Princess."

For further particulars see bills of the day.

Doors to be opened at 6, and the curtain to rise at 7 o'clock precisely.

Tickets to be had at Mr. J. Young's and T. Bank's Taverns, at Mr. Wm. F. Gray's bookstore, and at the theatre.

PART III.

BANJO MEDLEY.
Song of Songs.

Air—*Joe Bowers.*

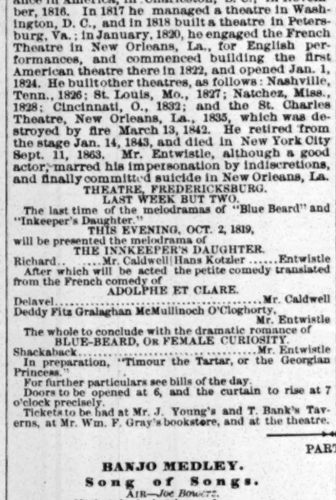
Mother, is the battle over?
Says the spider to the fly.
When Johnny comes marching home again,
Oh, how is that for high?
I am o'er young to marry yet,
Says little Maggie May;
I'm Captain Jinks of the horse marines,
Ten thousand miles away.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary—
Good-by, sweet Lorena, good-bye;
The boy stood on the burning deck,
His name was Pat Malloy,
'Twas in the cornfield by the sea.
I'm lonely since my mother died—
Shoo-fly, don't bother me.

Don't be angry with me, darling,
Says Annie of the vale,
Along with Old Bob Ridley
A-riding I will sail.
Oh, Champagne Charley is my name,
Across the seas I roam.
Oh, put me in the cold, cold bed,
With the little one's at home.

Oh, I love you, Mollie darling,
Says Old Bully Joe;
Way up in that balloon, boys,
Don't you go, Tommy, don't go.
When this cruel war is over
I'll paddle my own canoe—
My Johnny was a shoemaker
When this old hat was new.

[Here the performer goes off, as though the song were ended. This is the cue for the audience to applaud.]
(Ting-a-ling-a-ling.) Re-enter Mister Black Man.



ENCORE VERSES

Oh, I wish I was an angel,
A-coming through the rye;
Meet me in the lane, love,
When the swallows homeward fly.
Silver threads among the gold;
You've been a friend to me—
Good-bye, John, don't stop long,
Out on the sea.

Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
When the band begins to play
Love among the roses,
A-walking down Broadway;
Perhaps he's on the railway,
My own, my guiding star;
Oh, listen to the mocking bird,
Says Pat of Mullingar.

J. M. DUNNING.
Fort Cameron, Utah

SERIO-COMIC SONG.
DEDICATED TO MISS IDA RIVINGTON,
BY DAVID PAULDING.

"CREME DE LA CREME."

As I stood at the crossing, waiting for a car,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Mar. 26.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Mrs. Louisa
Angelo, Vallie
Aimee, Mlle.
Adams, Mrs "Burt"
Antonio, Tillie
Arlington, Ella
Achie, Rosa
Antonio, Martha
Allyne, Kittie (2)
Atkinson, Maude
Baldwin, Mrs. S. S.
Blaisdell, Mrs. Julia Peak
Barry, Virginia E.
Brennan, Emma
Byrnes, Kate (of MacEvoy's Co.)
Barnard, Minnie
Brinkerhoff, Clara
Berger, Anna Terese
Bonfanti, Marietta
Bushing, Belle
Castle, Bonnie, Mrs.
Cavalla, Mrs. Octavia
Carpenter, Ida
Collins, Kate (of Sanford's Co.)
Cameron, Isadore
Cleves, Lillian (actress)
Craddock, Miss F.
Courtright, Mrs. J.
Costulo, Libbie
De Witt, Lotta M.
Dawson, Mrs. Ada
Davenport, Gracie
Dimple, "Dollie"
Drayton, "Allie"
Dame, Mrs. Abbie
Doyle, Rosa
Ellis, Mrs. (actress)
Eberley, Mrs. M. E.
Exodd, Hazel
Florence, Bertie
French, Mamie
Francis, Billie 5c.
Fox, Annie
Fairchild, Laura
Fisher, Kate
Farrara, Marie
Gangain, Marie
Gilman, Ada
Glover, Phillis
Gardener, Ida
Gordon, Nellie
Gray, Ada M. (tragedienne)
Germon, Effie
Hawthorne, May
Howard, "Lou"
Heffernan, Mrs. Addie
Howard, Mrs. G. C.
Hunt, Ella
Hilton, Maud
Hannum, Zerulty
Howard, Minnie
Hopkins, Clara A.
Irwin, Mrs. Selden
Jutau, Emma
Kaye, Mrs. Amelia
Kirby, Adele
Kurtzweil, Johanna
"Lotta"
Lee, Minnie
Lockwood, Mrs. Celia
Lawrence, "Lou"
Little, Mlle.
Lynwood, Ada
Leak, Ann E.
Leslie, "Mollie"
Miller, Adelaide (2)
Morgan, Ettie (with Berger Co.) (2)
Melbourne, Adah
Murray, Ada C.
May, Etta
Miller, Mrs. A.
Moore, Mattie H.
McLean, Mrs. Katherine
Mulvey, Lizzie
Morelle, Fannie (of Soldene's Co.)
Massen, Mrs. Clara
Nelson, Annie (of Marksham, Eng.)
Osgood, Kittie
Pierce, Emma F.
Piton, Mrs. Augustus
Pendy, Mrs. John
Post, Mrs. T. A.
Pennoyer, Kate
Perice, Josephine
Reynolds, Fannie V.
Russelle, Millie
Robertson, Blanche
Rood, Nellie
Rosa, Pattie
Rathburne, Josie
Richings-Bernard, Mrs.
Rice, Emma
St. Felix, Leanora
Sheppard, Allie
Slate, Mrs. "Pete"
Simpson Sisters
Sidelle, Clara (2)
Stewart Sisters
Santley, Mable
Steele, Mrs. Dora Gordon
Stoutenmyer, Annette
Squires, Mad. (bearded lady)
Stanley, Kittie Angel
Stella, Rose (3)
Stetson, Mrs. E. P.
Stewart, Eloise & Jennie
Silver, "Lou" & Sanford, "Lou"
St. Felix, Madam
Thompson's Co., Manager
Taylor, Mrs. E. C.
Van Zandt, Inez (2)
Vivian, Mrs. (late of New Orleans)
Weber's Co., Bus. Manag. Lisa
Wallace-Villa Co., Agnes (2)
Warren, Dollie
Zoula, Mlle.
Zittella, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aiken, Frank E.
Abecco, Sig.
Aiken, Albert
Allen, Chas. N.
Allen, Wm. M.
Atwell, W. C.
Alvretta, Harry
Abney, Frank
Allison, C. W.
Adams & Lee
Buckley, J. K.
Barr, Geo. (musician) (2)
Barbour, H. W.
Booth, Edwin
Balding, A. (2)
Bush, J. T.
Baker, W. F. (musician
Bagley, Wm.
Brown, "Gus" (2)
Brown, E. M.
Benjamin, H. P. (2) 6c.
Bailey, J. A.
Bond, Frof. Jos.
Barry, "Tom" (clown)
Burke, Wm. (with Forepaugh)
Brault, L.
Byrne, E.
Bryan, "Neil"
Bryant, "Billy" (of Bryant & Williams)
Boucicault, Dion
Bauer, T.
Bemis, J.
Boles, E.
Barson, "Bony"
Buckley, E. J.
Button, Prof. E. L.
Blodgett, "Wash"
Bosworth, Frank
Barnabee, H. C.
Burton, Clarence
Brooks, Jos. R.
Brunaux, E.
Bintaur, S. W.
Beedle, C. C.
Berson, O. Bond
Cohen, G. (of Cohen & Turner)
Chadwick, Prof. (of Ada Gray's Co.)
Campbell, Loomis J.
Collins & Moore
Coddington, Harry
Conway, W. G.
Cleford, H. (with "Al" Burnett)
Cohen, George
Clark, late of Boston) (2)
Cooper, T. (of Cooper Bros.)
Cronin, Mr.
Carncross & Dixey's Minst.
Campbell, J. K.
Collingwood, J. H.
Cazeneuve, M.
Cole, W. (of Cole's Circus)
Callender, Chas.
Carlisle, Harry M.
Clark, "Bert"
Conners, Wm. (circus "biz")
Catterson, J. F.
Cronin, Jas.
Carroll, C. (Agt. Tenness Sing.)
Cooper, Harry
Clinton, James
Crosby, Wm. wide shoe)
Clark, R. (of Adelphi, Chicago)
Calhoun, Alex.
Cameron, G.
Caron, Jas.
Case, Wm.
Capye, J. H.
Chase, "Billy" (of Newark)
Chaffee, G. W. (2)
Carey, Chas.
Converse, Frank B.
De Witt, "Tom"
Dunbar, Joel E.
Dane, Jas. A.
De Vere, Wm.
Dickeson, W. F.
Dingess, Jno. A.
Daly Brothers
Devoneat, Peter
Dell, Jack
Duston, H. S.
Donavin, Wood
De Mar, Thos.
Dohm, George
Daly, Jas. (circus "biz")
Duchack, Chas.
Delehanty & Hengler
Dixon, G. (of Mason & Dixon)
Dearing, "Sam"
Dobbs, F. C.
Davis, Leslie
Dowling, Jos. J.
Dupree, Jack
Douglas, J. S.
Delafield, J. H.
Direstone, Onore vole 4c.
Duncan, Frank
De Forrest & West
Delehanty, Mr.
Elliott, (circus "biz")
Edwards, Prof. ("Ghost Show")
Enos, Albert G.
Eldridge, J. (of Eldridge & Eldridge)
Fay, Hugh
Fish, "Little Tom"
Faoust, "Lew"
Florentine, Mons.
Furbish, C. E.
Fox, J. E. (of Dupree & Bea. Minst.)
Ford, Dennis (candy "biz")
Fisher, Jake
Foster, "Johnny"
Ford, T. J.
Frink, Chas.
Fox, J. W.
Fostelle, Chas.
Forrester, Bruce
Fischer, Max H.
Faustin, M.
Forestell, Chas.
Gourley, J. H.
Gouldman, Jas.
Gardiner, E. M.
Geehy, D. S.
Goodyear, Chas. M. (2)
Giddens, Geo.
Gleason, P.
Gunn, W. H.
Gleason, Willie
Gleason, "Billy"
Griffin, Master
Gilbert, J. M. (comed.)
Gurr, Harry
Giese, A.
Gates, Chas. C.
Grandy, T. (of Soldene's Co.)
Hogle, "Bob"
Hogan, W. D.
Hughes, Prof.
Hutchins, G. B. (side-show "biz")
Hall, Chas. (of Gd. Op. House, San Fran.)
Harrington, J. (of Harr & McGlein)
Hutchinson, A. E.
Harris or Jno. Barnes, Geo.
Howmer, Wm.
Hedges, T. W.
Harvey, Jno. H.
Hueter, Fred
Haun, Thos. R.
Harkins, W. S. &c.
Hale, Chas.
Hodges, D. R.
Hall, T. A.
Hall, Mills (2)
Hoey, Frank (variety manager)
Heeney, "Eddie"
Howes, Ry. M.
Harris, Fred. D.
Hummer, Wm. N.
Hudson, Harry
Hayden, Geo. (show "biz")
Jones, Wheeler H.
Johnson, "Lew"
Kent, C. (late of Ada Gray's Co.)
Kennedy, H. (vent-riloquist)
Kingsade, Jas. 3c.
Kent, Frank
Kelly, J. (of Walters & Kelly)
Klarud, Oscar
Knight, Fred. W.
Kendall, H. A.
Knight, Fred. W.
Kehoe, "Sim" D.
Kinross, W. H.
Knight, G. B.
Laurent, J. P. (2)
Levino, "Dolph" (2)
Lonza, John
Levens, Frank
Laurent, J. H.
Lewis, Jno. A.
Lang, "Billy"
Lorenzo & Clark
Leopold, J. S.
Lavelle, Lyman
Leopold, Geo. &c.
Levino Brothers
Leopold Bros.
Morse, Frank H.
Livingstone, Adolph
MacEvoy, David
Little, Chas.
Long, Wm.
Montague, Harry
Mitchell & Weber
Morris, Myles
Murray, Jno. (circus "biz")
Matthews, C. C.
Murray, T. (of Murray's Circus)
McIntyre, Jas. (song-and-dance)
Miles, W. G.
Marshall, E. (of Soldene's Co.)
Markhoff, John
Morse, Frank H.
MacEvoy, Fred.
Markham, H. M.
Morgan, "Mark"
Miller, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
McFarland, Dr. (of McFar. Com. Co.)
Morton, J. K.
Mowry, "Neil"
Melville, W. A.
Mayo, "Dan"
McGovern, M.
Naschi, S.
Meyers, J. W.
Macauley, Jas. (minstrel)
McQuay, J. H.
Mackey, C. E.
McIntyre, Hugh D. (2)
Martin, Master (2)
Markley, Fred. (musical)
Moore, J. (of 5th Ave. Co.)
Melnotte, J. W.
Mervine, Geo.
Morgan, "Matt"
Mingtield, John
Mellon, Peter
McCarthy, O'Grifin & McCarty)
Osborne, E. A.
Strong, H. C.
Stiles, Arthur
Straight, "Ned"
Showles, J. J.
Searles, Mons. (gymnast)
Tyler, G. H.
Taylor, Harry
Trevor, A. (office's Circus)
Taylor, Jas. "Cronique"; late Thatcher & Hume, "Ned"
Tilton, Chas. (musician)
Turner, John (act.)
Tompkins, "Dan" (2)
Tucker, Delarge
Trecwe, Eugene Jr.
Towner, H. N.
Thayer & Co.
Talvert, C. W.
Thayer, Dr. J. L.
Ufner, Frank
Unsicker, A.
Villa, S. B. (2)
Van Amburg, Mr. "Big"
Wires, R. S.
Woodward, "Lew"
Washburn, "Tony"
Washburn (Co.)
Welling, Albert
Werner & Maude
Welling, Jno.
Welling, W. (of Haverly's Minst.) (2)
Wood, Walter (Asphyl of Varie., N.Y. City)
Weber, Geo. (minst. "biz")
Wachtel, (tenor)
Williamson, T. R.
Willcox, L. B.
Whitlock, Frank
Wood, Geo. (2)
Wilson, Jas.
Wade, Eddie C.
Walters, Chas.
Washburn, Leon
Wood, Geo. (of Washburn's Co.)
Warlington, F. C.
Wanor, Jno. L.
Whitman, Chas.
Wagner, Chas. (minst. "biz")
Wearer, P. S.
Whitney, Frank
West, Frank (skating)
Watson, E. C. (of Wallace-Villa Co.) (2)
Weed, Frank
Weaver, "Eddie"
Wiley, "Lem"
Welling, W. H. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Wilcox, O. B.
Wingfield, John
Wallace, J. J. (2)
Withers, Jos. (leader)
"X. Y. Z."
Young, Chas. W.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Maggie Rivers, or Holwell's Co.; "Dick" Devlin, of Mac-Evoy's "Hibernicon"; J. W. Avery, agent of Austin & Cushing; Wm. Dewayer, circus-manager, "Lone Dick," of "Buffalo Bill's" Co.; and C. G. Long, of Ed. Brown's Combination.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, March 26, '77.

This is Holy Week, generally looked upon as detrimental to the interests of theatrical managers, insofar as the religious ceremonies attendant upon the closing of the season of Lent induce a solemn observance of those pious duties which all good Christians are bound to respect. Among these may be enumerated some of our show brethren, whose reverence for the solemnities of the last days of a season of fasting and prayer may be seen in the fact that several of them will give no performances on Good Friday, while one house—Booth's—will be kept *closed during the entire week!* What a blessed privilege it is to number such good and pious men among those who cater for our amusement; how the presence and precious example of such holy things serve to leaven the whole batch of managerial dictators, and teach us how to live in the sweet fellowship of conscious innocence. [Jimmy, you know very well what we mean—no theatre would close up for a single night if business were such as to insure the management against loss; the houses that give no performance on Good Friday night abstain because the losses would be greater if they opened; and those that *do* intend to open, as usual, on that night, do so not because their managers are less holy than others, but because they hope to pick up a dollar or two by the closure of other places. This is the true story, Jimmy; but that is something the outside world can know nothing about; so we credit our dear brethren of the stage with being good and pious when really they are very wicked.] Not alone is their piety to be exercised in reference to our local theatres and companies, but so deeply impressed with the importance of the occasion are some of our awe-inspiring managers that they have called in their traveling troupes, and ordered them to refrain from all wicked work during the current week! What a noble example! How proud we ought to be in the possession of such shining lights, such holy rollers, as it might be. [Jimmy, considering the advantages you possess over your fellows for learning the truth, it is surprising that you should exhibit such ignorance. The traveling troupes have been called in because they have been losing money; there is no more piety, no more morality, connected with the movement than there is with you.] ..... "Our Jim," after listening to this rhapsody about hard times at our theatres, says it is no wonder, then, that the Oates Troupe, after endeavoring to "get up" Angot" and other operas, should *get up and go so suddenly!* And we might add, *en passant* (French language.—ED.), that Manager Fryer, having failed to fulfill his promise to produce "Die Walkure" on Friday evening last, "got up and got" the following day, and the entire company became "Flying Dutchmen" in reality.

LYRIC LINES.

"The Flying Dutchman" pleased the folks
Who love Wagnerian action,
With "*fat* and *forte*" Pappenheim
"The *Sorta* of attraction!"

.....There's nothing like keeping up with the times, and we may even look with a lenient eye upon those who take time by the forelock, and, by extraordinary means, get *ahead* of their fellow-citizens who belong to the same persuasion; and so we are not among those who savagely condemn a daily paper of this city for criticising an alleged performance of "The Lady of Lyons," at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, last week, when no such performance took place. It is no fault of the critic's that the performance did not eventuate, nor is his critique to be despised and sneered at because "it cannot was." The gentleman *meant* well, and the paper meant well; the fault lies wholly with the theatre and its company, who went back on the returns, and secretly counted out "The Lady of Lyons."....Nor should we be so hypercritical, because occasionally our friends the players do not agree on some unimportant fact. Here is a case in point: Recently there died in this vicinity Mr. Windust, whose hostelry in years agone was the resort of old-time playgoers and playactors. In telling a little story about a man who was taking a quiet meal in that restaurant, John Brougham declared that it was a beefsteak the man was partaking of, when Cooper the actor, an entire stranger to the party, insisted on his eating mustard with his steak, and, when the latter failed to do so, the actor swore that he would no longer sit at a table with a man who refused to eat mustard on his *steak*. John Gilbert, in telling the same little story, agrees with Mr. Brougham in every particular save one, and *he* declares that it was *pork-chops* the stranger was eating. It shows how the greatest minds may be deceived. With all due respect for our versatile friends, and without any desire to intrude our superior knowledge upon the public, we would very kindly state that the little incident did *not* transpire at Windust's, in this city, but at a restaurant near London; that it was *not* Mr. Cooper who sought to force mustard upon the stranger, but the elder Mathews; that it was neither beefsteak nor pork-chops the hungry man was partaking of, but *boiled beef!* to which mustard belongs. And after repeatedly saying to the latter, as he placed before him the cup: "*Mustard, sir!*" Matthews became so enraged at the refusal of the person to use the mustard that he exclaimed: "I'll be d—d if I remain any longer in the house with a man who refuses to eat mustard with his boiled beef!" We very much regret the necessity that compels us to take issue with our genial friends Brougham and Gilbert *in re* the beefsteak and pork-chop story; but our respect for truth and boiled beef must be our excuse for interfering.....No, James; no man named Cole ever played Captain Cattle, that we are aware of; so your proposed joke about *Cole's Cattle* won't work!..... Rose Eytinge appears at the New Park, Brooklyn, this week, in "Miss Sarah Multon." In view of the prevailing ideas concerning names, wouldn't it be better to call it "Miss *Sallie* Multon?".... Sometimes we get fooled awfully. One day last week a man called to see us concerning the depressed state of business everywhere, and, after we had listened to him an hour and a quarter, we volunteered the sage remark: "The times *are* out of joint, it is true, but you must take things as you find them." The afflicted one went forth, and ere long we discovered that he had taken our advice, and got away with a four-bladed knife and a pair of scissors, the loss of which we have since deeply felt and sadly deplored. We don't care who calls upon us now; nobody gets any more advice from *us!*.....Prejudiced parties who insist that show life is not looking up, and that the amenities of circus life are not of a more refined character than those observed in former years, are wrong. Another fresh illustration of this is in this issue of THE CLIPPER is one from a gentleman connected with a traveling exhibition, in which "talented and refined artists to work on candy-stands with the Australian Circus" are called for. Before the circus obtained its present position among popular amusements, such parties would have been advertised for as "candy-butchers, side-show blowers," etc. This new departure from old rules is destined to exercise a healthy moral influence, and to uplift the heretofore indefinite character of the gentlemen entrusted with the management of the privileges alluded to. ..And talking about "The Flying Dutchman" and other celebrities who dropped out of the metropolis last week reminds us of a musical "saloonist" we interviewed recently concerning the mysterious disappearance of Oakey Hall. He said he knew nothing about the *disappearance* of anyone, but of appearances he declared that seven "*beats to a bar*" was the daily average last Winter.....Duke Alexis is with us again, and of course we are putting him through the usual course of metropolitan sprouts; but, since the royal Duke was last here, his morals seem to have been *seriously* worn to the stiff of Kickapoo. Aimee's singularly naughty—of that sort calculated to draw the sinner from the wise and prudent counsels of Brothers Moody and Sankey, and fill his mind with the subtle artificialities of life and taint his soul with the baneful thoughts of gentle woman's depravity. And so, as soon as the noble strangers cast anchor in our snug harbor, they went for Aimee and her fascinating sprites, and supped their fill of sin's delightful pleasure, as it were. Now just you mark this—when the erratic Aimee leaves, her place is to be occupied by the intellectual and refined Mr. Dickinson; and just as sure as your name is John or Julia, or anything else, just so sure will the Duke and his party make themselves conspicuous by their absence. *You'll see*.....Which goes to show the simplicity of human nature: A few days ago a gentleman from the Far West visited us for the purpose of getting some information concerning the fitting-up of a new theatre he was about opening. With that deep sense of obligation which obtains in THE CLIPPER office, and with that blandness for which we are proverbial, we told him *everything*, and thereby saved him much wealth. When we assured him that he must introduce scenes *box-in scenes*, and *sets, too*, upon his stage, the look that man fastened upon us froze our young blood and made every hair stand up like quills upon the frightful porcupine, as you may imagine. "*Boxing* scenes and *sets-to!*" he exclaimed in a disgustful tone of voice, while his eyes quivered with painful and virtuous indignation; "before I'd introduce prize-fighters on the stage of my theatre I'd cheerfully see it burned to the ground!" There was innocence for you! "Our Jim," with a consideration we had never given him credit for possessing, is gasping smile that rose unbidden to his lips, and made his exit as though he had been called to partake of a free clam-chowder. Then we locked the door, sat down before that innocent man from the Far West, and quietly explained the difference between "box-in" scenes, and "boxing scenes," and "set scenes" and "sets-to." His gratitude is deep and lasting—every first big pumpkin he raises, we get; every newly-ripened deer he kills, the entire carcass is sent to us; every new child he produces is named after us! Now, who could help loving such a man, and appreciating his little attentions?..... Ape-re-paws, as the school-girl said when a monkey in a menagerie flew away with her hat, we ought to mention that Tony Pastor and his famous troupe will soon be on the wing. His closing entertainments are among the best he has ever given us. One of them we recently attended, and it so pleased us that we sat down upon the first curbstone we came to, and penciled on our thumb-nail the following clever lines:

HIS BILL OF FARE.

Of late the tuneful Tony caught 'em heavy—
With mirth and calculus was his place ablaze,
And in the bill of fare, so appetizing,
The guests found "*Rice dressed up in various ways!*"
.....Wonder if this is true? Manager Daly says "The Princess Royal," which is to be shown up in public on Saturday night of this week, has been nearly *one year in preparation!* We can't bear to doubt the manager's word, for he belongs to a class who, like youthful George, *cannot* tell a lie; but isn't one year stretching the imagination a trifle *too* much?..... We get hold of some pretty green people now and then. A long-lost cousin found us last week, and of course we took him to a matinee. Before going in, he looked at the bill, and read "Seats secured." "Why," said he in amazement, "do they think people are going to run away with their seats?" You may understand how foolish it made us feel before a crowd of folks who knew us. There is shortly to be a brief season of Italian opera at the Academy of Music, and a strange feature of it will be in the presentation of a Negro in the cast. [We ought to say, in justice to the management, that the party referred to is not a real negro minstrel; his *name* is Negro, but he himself is white.—ED.]..... And with this explanation, we close this opening introductory of the twenty-fifth volume of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CITY SUMMARY.

AT THE LONDON, this week, the fresh people are Taylor, Green and Taylor, John and May Cannon, Alice Gleason, Frank Lewis, Billy and Tommy Devere, Conroy and Daly, Harbeck and Hunter. The following of last week's company will be retained: Mlle. Zittella, Basker and Mlle. Marielle, James O'Neil, the Metts Brothers, and Charles Grisdie.

AN APPEAL TO THE CHARITABLE.—W. W. Newcomb, an old-time minstrel manager and performer, is now lying in this city, disabled from the effects of a broken leg, received while performing in Hooley's Opera-house, Brooklyn, L. I., some time ago. Being in pecuniary distress, he desires to appeal through THE CLIPPER to his fellow-professionals for assistance to enable him to secure proper medical attention. Such persons as may feel inclined to aid him may send their contributions to him in care of this office.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The Wagner Festival continued at the Academy of Music during the past week. "Lohengrin" was repeated on Wednesday evening, and "Der Fliegende Hollander" at the Saturday matinee. "Tannhauser" was given for the first time this season on Monday, and repeated on Friday, with the cast including Mme. Pappenheim as Elizabeth, Mrs. Grimmenger as Venus, Miss Cooney as a shepherd, A. Bischoff as Tannhauser, Mr. Weinlich as Herrmann, Felix Preusser as Wolfram, Wm. Formes as Biterolf, Mr. Urban as Walter, Mr. Lemoir as Heinrich, and Mr. Wagner as Reimar. The production of "Die Walkure," which was to have closed the series, has been postponed until April 2, want of sufficient time to properly rehearse and prepare this massive work being the excuse offered as the cause of the postponement.....Aimee was heard in "Madame L'Archidue" on Monday and Tuesday; "La Timbale d'Argent" Wednesday and Thursday; "Madame Angot et les Demoiselles," an operetta new to our audiences, a play upon the story of "La Fille de Madame Angot," forming a comical appendix to Lecocq's well-known ballad, and "La Boulangere a des Ecus" on Friday, the occasion of Mlle. Duparc's benefit; "La Vie Parisienne" at the Saturday matinee, and "Giroflé-Girofla" on Saturday evening.....Mr. and Mrs. Carl Feininger gave their fifth and last musical recital this season at Chickering Hall on Wednesday evening. Bach, Schumann, Haydn, Raff, Vieuxtemps, Lucantoni, Lindner and Feininger were the composers represented in the programme of violin, piano, and vocal numbers.....The seventy-eighth organ concert at the Church of the Holy Trinity on Wednesday afternoon had for the executants Samuel P. Warren, organist; and Mrs. Violetta Andrews—better known as Miss Violetta Colville—as the vocalist.....Mrs. Dora Gordon Steele and Miss Kate K. Fowler, sopranos; Miss Anna A. Watson, pianist; Wm. Castle, tenor; W. J. Winn, baritone; E. Gilbert, bass; and Prof. J. Jay Watson, violinist, were heard in an interesting and varied programme given at the concert at the Fifth-avenue Baptist Church on Thursday evening, under the direction of Prof. G. W. Colby.....A charity concert was given in Steinway Hall on Thursday evening for the benefit of the French Evangelical Church. The selections were rendered by Mme. H. Astle, pianist; Mlle. M. E. Hall, soprano; Charles Secker, tenor; Fred Steins, bassoo; B. Laurent, pianist; and a portion of Thomas' orchestra, conducted by Mr. Beitrich.....The fifth Philharmonic concert occurred at the Academy of Music Saturday evening. The programme included Haydn's symphony, E-flat, No. 1; Liszt's symphonic poem, "Tasso Lamento e Trionfo" and its new sequel, overture to Oberon and vocal numbers by Handel and Beethoven. Miss Ida Hubbell was the vocalist.....Miss Arabella Root gave the fourth concert in the series, for the benefit of the poor of New York, at Chickering Hall, on Friday evening. Miss Root, soprano, and Mr. E. Gilbert, baritone, in the vocal selections; Sig. Carlo, flutist; Symphonia Quartet; Wm. H. Pratt, pianist; and Flora Auld, child elocutionist, were the entertainers. A testimonial concert to Miss Annie Louise Cary, Miss Celia Terry came off at Chickering Hall on Saturday evening, and enlisted the services of Harrison Millard, baritone; D. W. McAneeny, tenor; Gaston Blay, violinist; W. F. Mills, pianist; Emil Saelinger, violoncellist; and D. F. Tully, organist; and Miss Lizzie Lonsdale, contralto. A concert was given by the Louisiana Jubilee Slave Singers at the Grand Opera-house on Sunday evening.....Jerome Hopkins' Orpheon Free Choral School will give their Easterside festival April 5 at Trinity Chapel. Mr. Hopkins' new sacred operetta of "Saint Peter" will be sung at the Langtree Springtide festival, May 3, at the Academy of Music.

AT TONY PASTOR'S the new arrivals March 26 are Harry and John Kernell, Delehanty and Hengler, Harris and Carroll, Fields and Hoey, Jeppe and Fannie Delano, Lou Vavisourr and Frank and Eva Beach.

AMONG THE FEATURES at the Parisian Varieties may be seen the Morosco Family, Thomas and Watson, Horace Weston, Louise Murio, the Cavelas and others. A new burlesque, entitled "Pygmalion," is to be given this week.

AT TONY PASTOR'S the fresh arrivals are to be Prof. Siegrist and dogs, Master Bonnie Runnels, Dunbar and Lowande, and Sanford and Wilson.

DRAMATIC.

MISS SOPHIE MILES, while performing in Goderich, Ont., March 17, was presented with a valuable ring by Mayor Finlay on behalf of a number of her admirers.

CHARLES AIKEN had a benefit in the Deadwood Theatre, Black Hills, D. T., March 10. The company included E. R. Collins, J. S. Langrishe, W. J. Gross, J. M. Martin, W. F. Truchses, J. N. Griffith, Mr. Mason, Mrs. J. S. Langrishe, and Mrs. Kitty Nuttall. A correspondent, writing about Deadwood, says: "This is a thriving little city, composed of all nations. There are two dancing-academies, a variety show, and another in course of erection, which will be open in a few days. There are also a theatre, a church, a school, and any quantity of gambling-houses; but, taking everything into consideration, we are a very orderly and well-behaved community. New towns are looming up in every direction, and building-lots in good locations bring from $100 to $5,000 for 55 feet front running back 100 feet."

AL SWARENGER is building a theatre in Deadwood, Black Hills, D. T.

JOHN JACK and his company were playing in Walla Walla, W. T., March 9.

W. S. HARKINS and Miss Leonora Bigelow, of Wm. Nannary's company, in Halifax, N. S., were married March 14 by the Rev. Costello Western of the Universalist church. Miss Pearl Eyting and Harry Pierson were bridesmaid and groomsman respectively.

IN NEW ORLEANS, at Bidwell's Academy of Music, Milton Nobles inaugurated an engagement March 18, appearing before a crowded house as Carroll Graves and Jim Bludsoe in "The Phœnix." Mr. Nobles achieved a notable success on the occasion of his visit here about two years ago, and the public, then amused and edified, were unmistakably prepared to welcome his reappearance. In the situation we cast, Miss Cornelia Thorne Kelly's Leslie Blackburn was finely conceived and well acted; and the other characters were well sustained. "Diamonds in the Rough" is underlined. O. D. Byron is to come on 25 or 26. The Varieties Theatre closed with the performance of March 19, the occasion being the annual benefit of J. Kittredge, the treasurer. The play was "Camille," and the audience was the largest seen in the house for some time. Miss Rosa Rand acted the title-role with a skill and tact which entitled her to commendable criticism. The remainder of the cast was as follows: Armand Duval, J. P. Rutledge; Mons. Duval, J. W. Hague; Mons. De Varville, C. A. Stedman; Gaston, Harry Hawk; Gustave, W. H. Wallace; Louis, Mons. Messenger, J. Davidson; Olympe, Miss Lo St. Clair; Nichette, Miss Emma Sanderson; Nannie, Miss Ida Lewis; Madame Prudence, Mrs. Nellie Taylor. Letter of March 20.

RICHMOND C. HILL advertises that he is prepared to make dramatic and other translations from the French language.

LAWRENCE BARRETT is to play in Nashville, Tenn., April 9, 10.

THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE TROUBLES.—James Flynne, the manager of the theatre referred to in New Orleans, sends us a letter dated March 19; but, as it does not disprove a single statement made by our correspondent in that city in previous letters, and as it is mostly devoted to personal abuse of our representative, we decline giving space to it.

G. R. WILSON'S DRAMATIC COMPANY are to close their season in Cortland, N. Y., March 28, thence to Homer 29, 30, 31, Ithaca ten nights, commencing April 2.

WM. MARBLE'S COMBINATION closed a season in Rasson, Minn., March 21, thence to Wasseca 22, 23, 24, Faribault, Northfield and Sullivan, Wis.

DE BAR'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, St. Louis, Mo., was filled nightly last week by audiences who were pleased with Lotta's impersonation of Musette. De Bar was prevented by illness from appearing as William Bokus, and the part was nicely played by C. W. Butler. George B. Farrell made his debut as Bokus, made a hit. John W. Norton, Charles Krone and Florence Chase were in the cast, and the piece ran the entire week. "Zip" 26..... A fair business was done at the Olympic, where Charlotte Thompson has given the powerful impersonation of Miss Multon, supported by Rose Osborn, Effie Ellsler, Ferd. Hight, Charles Plunkett, Minnie Maddern, and Adah Plunkett. Miss Plunkett's excellent performance of Jeanne De Latour was highly praised, it being her first effort in a prominent part. The "Evangeline" Combination 26. Advices of March 23.

AT FANNY MARSH'S THEATRE, Portland, Me., Miss Rose Eytinge played the past week in "Miss Sarah Multon," "Camille," "Rose Michel" and "The Hunchback," winning favor for her artistic impersonations. The company acquitted themselves with credit, considering how heavily they have been taxed; especial praise being due Messrs. Dessin, McFall, Sutton and Theodore, and the Misses Bailey and Williams. "Aladdin" and "Naval Engagements" are announced for this week. George Rignold begins April 2. Miss Carlotta Evelyn has been engaged for juveniles.....John T. Raymond is to play in the Music Hall 30, 31. Letter of March 25.

THE SEASON at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., is to close April 28. The Alice Harrison Combination open April 2, John T. Raymond 9, "Our Boarding House" 16, the Florences 23.

AT THE GRISWOLD OPERA-HOUSE, Troy, N. Y., Ada Gray is to play April 5, 6, 7. The Florences 10, 11, "Our Boarding-house" Combination 12, 13, 14. The first three nights of Easter week are yet open.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION is to perform in April at South Norwalk, Ct., 2, 3, Danbury 4, 5, Meriden 6, 7.

JOHN F. HERNE, lately with the Kiralfy Bros.' Troupe, joins E. A. McDowell's company at the Academy of Music, Montreal, Canada.

THE MOST NOTABLE EVENT of the past week in Chicago, Ill., amusements was the appearance of Dion Boucicault at McVicker's Theatre in "The Shaughraun," supported by Miss Katharine Rogers as Claire, with the remaining characters judiciously assigned to the stock company. The drama is to be continued another week. At Haverly's Theatre, Boucicault's Comedy Combination opened in "Forbidden Fruit" March 19 to a light business, which improved later. The cast and scenery were good. Next (this) week Miss Charlotte Thompson in the title-role of "Miss Multon," supported by the Cincinnati Grand Opera-house Company. Letter of March 24.

"PATCHWORK" was given by Salsbury's Troubadours last week in Detroit, Mich. Good business was the rule.....Rachel Macauley played two nights and one matinee at Detroit 23, 24, supported by her own Cincinnati company in "Romeo and Juliet," "Fool's Frou," and "Enat Lynne." The audiences have not been large. The plays were well acted and well placed upon the stage.

CHARLES COLLINS, Dutch comedian, is billed to produce in Newark, N. J., April 2, a new drama, entitled "Pareka, or a Search for Himself," by Col. Calhoun, the author of the military drama of "The Color Guard."

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION will perform in South Norwalk, Ct., April 2, 3, Danbury 4, 5, Meriden 6, 7. For list of company see advertisement.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., during the past week, the management, taking advantage of the excitement created by the temperance revival going on in the city, brought out "Ten Nights in a Barroom," which held the boards to good business until Wednesday, when "Saratoga" was produced; Thursday, "Beauty and the Beast" and the farce "My Uncle's Will" were put on, and continued the attraction the remainder of the week. March 26 Kate Fisher in "Mazeppa."

HENRIETTA CHANFRAU'S COMBINATION, who performed in Marshall, Texas, March 20, Dallas 21, Sherman 22, Dennison 23, 24, are billed in Fort Scott, Kas., 26, 27, Topeka 28.

OUR BOSTON, Mass., correspondent thus "rings the changes" under date of March 24: "At the Globe the past week operas were given. For Miss Kellogg's benefit, on Friday evening, there were selections from 'Hamlet,' 'Faust' and 'Martha.' On Thursday evening Sir Randall Roberts made his first appearance in this city as an actor, presenting 'Don Cæsar de Bazan' and a comedietta of his own, entitled 'Under a Veil,' in which latter Miss Ethel Greybrook made her debut in this country. The impression had got abroad that Sir Randall's strongest claim to consideration lay in his title of baronet, but he gave a very fair performance of Don Cæsar, while in his own play he was very pleasing and natural. Miss Greybrook is very pretty and graceful, and made a good impression. The same bill was repeated on Saturday evening. On Monday Mr. and Mrs. Florence for two weeks....At the Museum 'Maud Muller,' with Miss Genevieve Rogers in the title-role, has been played all the week. It is an interesting and effective play, appealing strongly to the sympathies of the audience; but we do not see why it is called an American drama, as there is nothing at all distinctively American about it except the fact that an American wrote the poem which suggested the play. It was Miss Rogers' first appearance in Boston, and she made a very favorable impression. While she was exceedingly natural in her impersonation of the little country-girl in the first act, in the later scenes she displayed a strength and power of emotion which often moved her audience to tears. Mr. Warren's Nate Harpin the trapper-poet was in his best vein. Miss Phillips as Theodora Wayne and Mr. Barr as the Judge were very good, and the half-dozen other smaller characters were well rendered by Mrs. Vincent, Miss Francis and Messrs. McClannin Cotter and Carlos. The entertainment began with the comedietta of 'A Little Change.' Next (this) week the bill remains the same. Lotta is to shortly appear.....At the Boston Theatre Mr. Fechter was announced for Hamlet on Monday, but, owing to a severe sore throat, the bill was changed at the last moment to a performance by the stock company of 'Rory O'More' and the farce of 'The Inquisitive Darky.' On Tuesday evening the had sufficiently recovered to play 'Ruy Blas,' with all his accustomed fire, which was repeated on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon. 'Don Cæsar de Bazan' constituted the bill on Wednesday evening, and on Friday, for his benefit, he presented 'Hamlet.' The Saturday night bill comprised 'Richard III,' with J. B. Booth as Richard, Harry Bloodgood's specialties, and the farce 'Sarah's Young Man.' Beginning from this Saturday evening, the prices at this establishment are to be reduced to the same scale that the Museum has held for several years, and which the Globe has recently adopted. On Monday next the grand Wagner Festival will be inaugurated with the opera of 'The Flying Dutchman.' On Saturday evening Mr. George Riddle, formerly of the Boston Museum, but now of Montreal, will appear in 'The Romance of a Poor Young Man,' in answer

FROM CINCINNATI our correspondent writes as follows 23: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances 18 were Edgell and Eldridge, Miss Lou Howard, John Raynor, Gussie McCain, Ella Mayer, and Truedell and Byrne. Edgell and Eldridge performed an average song-and-dance. Miss Howard's serio-comic vocalisms proved attractive. John Raynor gave Irish songs and sayings in a very neat and humorous manner, taking well. Miss McCain succeeded fairly in serio-comic songs. Ella Mayer danced nicely. Truedell and Byrne remained but one night. The spectacle of 'Aladdin' was also given under the superintendence of John W. Blaisdell, and, having the aid of 'The Black Crook' scenery, was put on gorgeously. Business fair. Departure 24: Lucy Forrester. To open 25: Julian Kent, Mrs. Julian Kent, and Lew and Pauline Parker.....Tommy Turner, the St. Felix Sisters, and James S. and Katie Edwards were the additions at Heuck's Hall 18. Turner's banjo and Ethiopian acts took well. The ballet and change songs of the four St. Felix Sisters proved attractive features of the programme. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards figured to advantage in a neat little sketch called 'The Sword of Bunker Hill.' Business large. Departure 24: Lee Family, to join De Haven's Circus; C. L. Banks, Bay City; and Chalet, with circus. Commencing 25: Landis Brothers, John Le Clair, Sulart Brothers, J. E. Ince, and Emma Brennan....Madame Baretta, Master Willie Baisdell, and the Boissett Family were the new faces at the Coliseum 18. Mme. Baretta exhibited a school of trained dogs. Master Baisdell vocalized nicely. The Boissetts in musical and gymnastic acts took well. There was too much of an acrobatic flavor to the programme, however, no less than four combinations of gymnasts being at the theatre this week. Business large. Closing 24: Gaugery's Japanese, Leslie and Ashton, Max Walhalla, Minnie Heppard, Julia Walcott, and Mme. Baretta. Opening 25: Huber and Glidden, Sherman Sisters, Nellie Moore, and Mabel Rivers. .....Morris and Fields, Charles Gallagher, and the Turner Brothers were the new people at the Eldorado this week.....Ned and Ada Reed have closed at the Winter Garden."

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE, this city, is to remain open during the Summer. Artists wishing dates can address as per card. The first opportunity is April 9.

THE NEW FACES at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., March 19 were Angie Schott in "Masks and Faces" and "The Devil's Statue," James Cummings taking part in those sketches; Alfredo and Emma Monticello, trapezeists; Vannetti, clubswinger; and Alfredo and Vannetti, horizontal-bar. Departures 24: Alfredo, Monticello and Vannetti, to Philadelphia, Pa; Harry Greacon, to New York. Announced for 26: James Neary, H. M. Parker and dogs, Frank Budworth and Morgan and Welsh. Biz good.....At the Metropolitan the new arrivals were Ned Wambold in negro acts; Satsuma and Little All right in ladder and tub-acts; Eloise Linden (Lillie Morris), vocalist; Delehanty and Hengler in songs-and-dances; and Rosa Lee, a pleasing vocalist. Bryant and Williams did not come, owing to the sickness of Mr. Williams. Ella Heflin was billed, but failed to appear. Viola Clifton closed 14. Closures 24: Satsuma and Little All-right and Delehanty and Hengler, to New York: Lynn Sisters and Eloise Linden, Baltimore. Announced for 26: Foy Sisters, Levino Brothers, Nellie Forrester, and Griffin and Manning. Ned Wambold is to have a benefit 30. Business much improved. Letter of March 24.

AT THE BOYLSTON MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., the comedietta of "The Little Rebel" has opened the performances with Miss Lucy Adams, Miss Constantine, Miss Nellie Brooks, Guy Linton and M. Kurtz in the cast. Following this was the best olio this house has given for a long time, viz., Miss Clara Moore in serio-comic songs, the Sharpley Bros. in their musical act, Worden and Mack in grotesque songs-and-dances, Harry Montague in comic songs, and Sam Devere. The performance closed with the drama "Paris by Moonlight," with Fanny Herring and the whole company in support, and some fine dancing by Antoinette Corssi and Ferrand and Constantine. Business immense. Next (this) week the newcomers are Misses Annie Hindle and Carrie Duncan. Sam Devere and Harry Montague remain for one week. The burlesques of "The Female Forty Thieves" is to be given, and a great London sensation is announced, consisting of a series of "Classical Tableaux and Art Groupings"..... At the Howard, J. S. Maffitt and the farce company opened the entertainment with "The Two Heroes," then came the Big Four—Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron—in "The Lappell Family," Harry and John Kernell, the Fieldings, Schoolcraft and Coes, Edwin French the banjoist, Willis Cobb's performing animals, Sanford and Wilson, and Miss Jennie Engle. Business good. For next (this) week the burlesque "Ernani, or the Horn of a Dilemma," is announced, with Sallah Richmond, Nelly Larkelle, Lizzie Kelsey, Josephine West, Sadie Bigelow, Lewis Mestayer, James Vincent, W. B. Cahill and Harry Stewart in the cast. Other newcomers will be Add Ryman and Pat Rooney. Moses Fisk is underlined for April 2.....At Beethoven Hall, Ida Certo's Female Minstrels opened on Wednesday evening to a big house. The show is not announced for next (this) week, the attendance having fallen off after the first night. Letter dated March 24.

ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, presented an attractive programme during the week ending March 24, including the banjo-solos of John Forbes, the serio-comic vocalism of Kitty Gardner and Jennie Lindsay, and Sheffer and Slavin's songs-and-dances. J. J. Riley and Lizzie Smith closed 24. Chas. W. Young, Radcliffe and Stewart, Sig. Elviro, Lottie Horton and Mlle. Leontine open 26, when will be produced a new sensational sketch, entitled "The Red Garter."

J. C. (FATTIE) STEWART'S New Adelphi Theatre, Philadelphia, was reopened 19 with a company including the proprietor and Miss Katie Allyne, Frank Howard, Tom Vance, Addie Johnson and Jas. Wesley, who appeared in an attractive programme, concluding with the new sensational sketch "Naughty Belle Florence." The Jackley Pantomime Troupe, Miss Lizzie Barrett, Tim Morris, Miss Verdi Alvis, Miss Frances Robinson and Ella Griffith open on the 26th inst.

AT NOONAN'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, George L. Hall, the stage and business manager, has effected an almost magical transformation, the entire auditorium being thoroughly renovated and remodeled. Miss Mary Pierson, Mlle. Veaudemont, and Miss Mary Gaylord were the new faces 19, business continuing to be all that could be expected. Helene Scanlane, Hattie Florence, Agnes Carter, Nettie Harper and William Mercer open 26. Variety talent is wanted here, as per advertisement in another column.

THE INTERNATIONAL MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, was well attended last week. Conway and Kerrigan were the travel contributors to the programme. Wenona Bridges, Ella Heflin and Tim Morris closed 24. Will H. Stowe, Smith and Fox, Miss Maud Sheppard, Louis Alfredo, Harry Veanett and Emma Monticello appear 26.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the programme presented last week included as fresh features the songs-and-dances of Hurley and Marr, Ella Sheldon and John Reese; the serio-comic vocalism of the Misses Susie Warren, Kitty Norton and Ada Mortimer; the Irish sketches of Flynne and Eson, and Nell Burgess' capital act "The Coming Woman." G. Brooks Clark and Allesandro Girardo closed 24. The new people announced for 26 are Murphy and Shannon, John Williams, Ada Stanwood and Frank George.

MISS MATTIE STEWART of the Stewart Sisters has made a hit at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, by her singing of the popular ballad "Little Stars are Bright Shining."

THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE ASSOCIATION'S BALL, at Musical Fund Hall, on the 29th inst., and the Elks' ball at Horticultural Hall, on Easter Monday, April 2, are the leading social reunions of the season of the variety profession in Philadelphia.

HARRY G. RICHMOND will have a complimentary benefit at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 11th of April, when Dr. Landis, Charley Reynolds and other volunteers will appear.

G. BROOKS CLARK, who for some time past filled the position of stage-manager at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, severed his connection with that establishment on the 24th inst., having been secured as ringmaster of Forepaugh's Show.

PERFORMERS are wanted for the Fourth-avenue Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa. See advertisement.

GIBBS AND DAVIS, song-and-dance artists and comedians, can be engaged for the tenting season. Address care of this office.

JOHN LE CLAIR commenced a two weeks' engagement at Heuck's Hall, Cincinnati, O., March 26.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Adelphi, Toledo, O., March 19 were Charles O. White, stage-manager; John and Amy Tudor in specialties; Sadie Hasson, serio-comic; Ida Clifton and Wm. Wood in a musical act. Niles and Evans were billed, but failed to appear. Closing 24: Leonora Bradley, to Chicago, Ill.; Ida Clifton, to Bay City, Mich. Opening 26: Harry and Mary Thompson, Miss Kittie Spence. Miss Leonora Bradley was presented with a handsome medal 19 by an admirer; it is a very pretty piece of workmanship.....At the Comique the new people were the McLain Sisters, sketch artists; Ella Mayo, vocalist; and Gracie Mayo, serio-comic. Closing 24: Prof. T. A. Wiggins and Foley and Walters. To open 26: The Wiggetts and Billy Dearing.....The Atlantic Garden is doing a fair business. People from the Comique are carried back and forth in cabs, appearing at both places same evening. B. C. Hart is manager. Letter of March 24.

AT THE ATHENÆUM, Columbus, O., the new arrivals were Den Howe and Lizzie Shelton in their Dutch specialties, and Redmond and Devore in songs-and-dances. Johnny Shay had a benefit 23. Arrivals for the 26th: Charley Benedict, Charley Dockstader, Sheehan and Jones, Billy Devere, Ella Arnold, James Welch and Maud Lemoine. Departures 24: The Fontainebleaus, to Chicago.....The Coliseum had a successful opening week. The Byrons are clever, and made a hit. Alton in his female impersonations, and Miss Clara Sidelle in male impersonations, were much applauded. Gilmore and Gibson in songs-and-dances are good, as are also Burke and Snyder. Arrivals 26 are Hall and Burke, Maud McCoy, Whetmore and Clark and Georgia Morris. Departures 24: Burke and Snyder. Advices of March 23.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., the past week, the company included the Virginia Quartet; J. E. Whitefield, comic orator; Tom Martin, banjo-solos; Fanny Florence, Gilday and Ginliven, Harvey and Mackey, Peasley and Lea, songs-and-dances; Frank Carlton, negro business; and Joe Buckley, vocalist. Departures 24: Virginia Quartet, to Boston; Fanny Florence, to Pittsburg; Gilday and Ginliven, to Buffalo; J. E. Whitefield, to Erie; Peasley and Lea. Arrivals 26: Robin Howard's Combination, consisting of Blanche Clifton, Marie Sherman, T. W. Hanshew, Edward Heeney, Moore and Lessinger, Amanda Archer, and Ed. Hillier. Letter of March 24.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, the constellation of talent was augmented on the 19th inst. by the following new stars: Miss Jennie Miaco in serio-comic songs and a skipping-rope dance; John Williams in his Lancashire clog-dances; the Richmond Sisters in songs-and-dances; the Miacos in an acrobatic and a trapeze act; Burke and Mara in their Irish sketch "Back from the Centennial;" Mlle. Leontine in the latest "La Fascination;" and Carroll and Barry in acrobatic songs-and-dances. The performance concluded with the burlesque "Was She Led or Did She Go Astray?" in which George K. Fortesque did very amusing as the Countess Armande Shamdose. The Miaco Combination, Mlle. Leontine, Burke and Mara, Carroll and Barry, John Williams and George K. Fortesque closed 24. The new faces announced for 26 are Mlle. Palladino, Miss Ida Morris, George S. Knight, Kelly and Ryan, Ed. and Alice Murray, Charles Worley, George Conway and A. H. Denham.

THE VALDIS TWIN SISTERS, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gill, Baby McDonald and Mlle. Certito returned to Cheyenne, Wy. T., March 12, from their tour in Colorado. They will go to Deadwood as soon as McDaniel's Theatre is opened.

AT THE HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, business ruled good last week. The attractions were John Carl in banjo solos; Fanny Reynolds, vocalist; Emmerson and Clark in break-neck songs-and-dances; the Orpheus Quartet; Marie Whittingham and Master Newman in duets; Miss Edna Markley in ballads; the Murrays in Irish musical sketches; and "Sixteen-string Jack," with Estelle Mortimore and D. A. Kelly in the leading roles. Departures 23: Fanny Reynolds, Emmerson and Clark, Orpheus Quartet, destination unknown; Marie Whittingham and Master Newman, Washington; the Murrays, to Pittsburg, Pa. To open 26: the Sawyer Family, the Carrolls, and Larry Tooley, who failed to appear as previously announced.....At the New Central business has improved. The performance included the Hassan Sisters, Belle Norton, Harris and Carroll, Mons. Grossi's ballet "Les Muscovites," introducing Mlle. Cordella, Frankie Christie and Mlle. Alexandria as the premieres; James Roome, Jennie Belmont, whose services were dispensed with after her first appearance; Fernando Fleury, and "Forbidden Pleasures," with Wm. N. Griffith and Belle Norton in the leading roles. Closing 24: Harris and Carroll, to New York; W. N. Griffith and Belle Norton, to Washington, D. C. To begin 26: McKee and Seamon, Master Martin, Lynn Sisters, and J. Martinetti.....At the Odeon, Harry and Leoni Mendel, Minnie Lee, Blanche Roscella, Belle Cushing, and Walter Wentworth. The only people closing are the Bennetts, to New York. Billed for 26: Chas. Vincent and Addie and Georgie Morrell. Letter of March 24.

LULU DELMAY publishes a card in another column correcting some misstatements that have appeared regarding her connection with William Sheppard.

A VARIETY STAGE-MANAGER advertises his qualifications for a position. He also announces that he has a good specialty for a traveling show. He can be addressed care of this office.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Fall River, Mass., is to open April 2 with the following company: King Sarbro, Dick Sands, McDermott sisters, Wenona Bridges, Paddy Hughes, Nettie Hughes, Jerome and Cameron, Mlle. Zulla and Geo. Warren. Artists desiring dates are requested by Manager Geo. Winship to apply as per card.

WALTER GALE, sensational vocalist, is in the fifth week of his engagement at the Theatre Comique, New Haven, Ct.

THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, was well attended last week. The new faces were Pat Rooney in his Irish vocalism, Walters and Morton in songs-and-dances, J. W. McAndrews in "Pastimes on the Levee," Baby Bindley in her very clever musical items, Master Dunn in jigdances, and Miss Lee Walton as Emma Waverley in George W. Thompson's drama of "Yacup," and Fanny Delano, Walters and Morton, Pat Rooney and J. W. McAndrews closed 24. Miss Nellie St. John, the La Verde Sisters, the Haleys, and Harry Clifford in his drama of "Lightning Bob" 26.

NED MASON, who is now managing the Perth Opera-house, Perth, Ont., denies that he was married on the stage of a variety theatre in South Bend, Ind., recently, and states that some person assumed his name.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Galveston, Texas, the new people March 19 were the Hudson Brothers and Signor Vervaldi. The Hudson Bros. appeared in sketches and a double clog-dance, which met due appreciation. Signor Vervaldi closed the entertainment by introducing his Italian marionettes. Departures: Billy and Maggie Ray, to New York; Murphy and Mack, to New Orleans; Dowling and Stephens, to Chicago; also Mons. Vernon and Annie Woods, to San Antonio. To open March 26: The Mitchell Sisters and Ada Clifford.

JOHN PENDY is engaged for the season at the Museum, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS are wanted at the Toledo Theatre, Chicago, Ill. Address Raymond Kaltenbach, proprietor.

JAMES WELCH and Maud Lemoine can be engaged to produce their Irish drama of "O'Connor's Oath" through Bob Mack, agent, whose address find in another column.

THE GLOBE THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., has been purchased by Messrs. Vanderburg & Ryan, who will open it as a first-class variety theatre on April 2. Artists in every branch of the profession are wanted for the opening. Eugene F. Gorman will be business and stage manager. See card.

THE NICHOLS—Blanche and Johnny—are just completing a fourteen weeks' engagement at the Adelphi, South Bend, Ind., where they can be addressed until April 4.

WILLIAM B. SMITH, manager of Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., publishes a card in our business department, which variety performers are requested to read.

THE VALDIS TWIN SISTERS were presented with two medals by Manager McDaniel, at Cheyenne, W. T., on March 17. A full account of the presentation, and a description of McDaniel's Theatre, copied from a local journal, can be found among the advertisements in this issue.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., realized handsomely during the expired week. There were no new arrivals. Burton Stanley and the Grinnell Children were largely advertised, but failed to appear or to give any excuse therefor. Departures March 24: Barney McNulty, destination not known; Nellie St. John, Grand Central, Philadelphia; Harrington and McGlone, no immediate opening. Announcements for 26: Belle Norton, W. N. Griffith, the Austin Brothers, Marie Whittingham and Master Newman.....At the Avenue Theatre the new arrivals were Harry Woodson, and Mons. Goroux and Mlle. Adeline, Eph Horn Jr., Mlle. La Font, and the Carle Sisters remain. Departures 24: Wm. Gaylord, Leo Gordon and Charles Young, to Philadelphia. Announcements for 26: J. J. Riley, Lizzie Smith, George B. Radcliffe, Lizzie Ellis and Lizzie Walker. Business fair.

THE NEW PEOPLE at Trimble's, Pittsburg, Pa., March 19 were the Dillons—James and Susie—in a clever Irish sketch; Chas. Arizona in feats of strength; the Barlow Brothers in songs-and-dances; Sig. Francis in jugglery; Mlle. Rita in a contortionist act; Mlle. Estelle in character-changes and straight jig; Susie Dillon sang motto-songs. The Irwin Sisters and Prof. Lawrence's Statue Troupe filled out the olio, and the programme concluded with "The Elevated Minstrel Scene." Biz good. Arrivals 26: G. W. Pike, Agnes Wyeth, H. W. Blanchard, Pete Cannon, Gussie Leach and Fannie Florence.....The new arrivals at the Fourth-avenue Theatre were Andy and Annie Hughes, who were seen in an Irish sketch. Attendance good. Arrivals 26: La Rue Family, Niles and Evans, Warren Sisters, Florence Marshall and Jennie Gladstone.

BUSINESS for the past week at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., has been better. The new arrivals 19 were Homer and Holly, and Rafferty and Drew, sketches. Departures 24: Ione Lang, to Detroit; Frankie Howard and Georgie Parker, to Chicago. Prof. Wilkinson, leader of orchestra, has added two pieces to the same. J. E. Green and J. K. Trowbridge assisted in the benefit tendered Jessie Smith 23. Chas. Rogers and wife, Howard Dorr and son, and John D. Kelley are announced to open 26.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Providence, R. I., the attractions offered succeeded in filling the house with delighted audiences during the past week. For this week the following new people will appear: Henry Kennedy, Billy Noonan, Alice Bateman, C. H. Yale, Williams and Martin, and Miss Lizzie Carlton.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS and other performers are wanted by Davis & Co., agents, Cincinnati, O. They also advertise a panorama for sale.

VARIETY PERFORMERS are wanted; also a partner to take an interest in a first-class entertainment. Address G. T. Wallace, as per card.

H. LEWIS, who advertises, wants a partner for song-and-dance business.

SKETCH STARS and specialty artists are wanted at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa. Address George W. Thompson, manager.

BEN BROWN, manager of Gregory's Winter Garden, St. Louis, Mo., was presented with a diamond ring and gold-headed cane on March 17.

JAMES BRADLEY.—This young performer, who gave much promise of future excellence in his profession, died in Baltimore, Md., March 22, of pleuro-pneumonia, at the age of 23 years and 11 months. He had been ill only six days, and the disease which terminated fatally was induced by taking a Russian bath to relieve him of a cold, and subsequently discarding his Winter overcoat. He was born in New York City in 1854, and commenced his professional career in his 13th year, at Tony Pastor's Opera-house, in the Bowery, in 1866. He made rapid strides as a dancer and a singer, and, shortly afterwards, he doubled up with a youth of about his own age, and they did song-and-dance business under the name of "The Hibernian Boys." He remained with Tony Pastor four years, and then went to the Theatre Comique. While performing there his partner died, about 1873, and Mr. Bradley continued to perform singly, doing jig-dances, songs-and-dances, and acting in sketches. Some of his impersonations of eccentric Irish characters displayed a deal of ability. He remained there until the Eagle Theatre was opened, when he was engaged and continued a member of the company until variety performances were abandoned. He was then engaged by Manager Gilmore of the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., making his first appearance Feb. 22, 1877, as Dennis O'Dwyer in "Across the Continent," O. D. Byron being the star. He also appeared in the olio. During his illness he received unremitting attention from members of the Order of Elks and his professional friends. He made his last appearance in public there March 15, acting an Irish policeman in a burlesque of "Rose Michel." John Wild and Harry Richmond were telegraphed for, and proceeded to Baltimore, arriving there Thursday to find him dead. Before inclosing the body in a casket for removal to New York, the funeral services of the Order of the Elks were performed in a room in the Central Hotel, where deceased had resided, by a number of theatrical and other professional men belonging to that Association. The obsequies were chanted by an Orpheus quartet, after which the members of the order gathered around the remains, and with their arms crossed on their breasts sang "The Hymn of the Elks" to the air of "Auld Lang Syne." About two o'clock P. M. the body was placed in a hearse, and was accompanied to the depot by the members of the Order of Elks and representatives from the various theatrical companies, including Manager Gilmore of the Holliday-street, and Frank Harrington, George France, Wm. Carroll, Hugh Kernan, Little Mac, G. B. Radcliffe, G. L. Stout, Sid. C. France, W. Harris, J. L. Kernan, Ed. Murray, Chas. Howard, and Augustin Baker of the B. P. O. of Elks, and representatives from the various theatres, numbering about fifty men, in double file. Two carriages followed the hearse. The funeral took place in New York City March 25, at 1.30 P. M., from his late residence, No. 87 White street. There was a large attendance of professionals, and many of the pallbearers were Edward Harrigan, Tony Hart, John Wild and Gus Williams. The remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery by the New York Lodge, No. 1, of B. P. O. E., of which deceased was a member. Mr. Bradley was of temperate habits, a quiet and amiable disposition, and was highly esteemed by his friends and acquaintances. He left a younger brother, Michael, now engaged at the Theatre Comique, in this city, and a sister about 16 years of age, and of these he had been the main support, their father and mother having died when all the children were quite young.

ARTISTS can obtain dates at the Third-avenue Theatre, this city. See card.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., performers are advertised for.

AN APPEAL to the profession is made in our advertising columns by M. W. Handley of the Theatre Comique, on behalf of the sister of the late James Bradley, who died in Baltimore, Md., March 22.

FOSTER'S COLISEUM, Detroit, Mich., is to open April 23 under the proprietorship of H. A. Foster, with Fred. McAvoy as manager. Variety artists in all branches are wanted for the opening. See card.

AT THE NOVELTY THEATRE, Scranton, Pa., under the proprietorship of Prime & Prentice, with E. W. Woolcott as stage-manager, the chief attractions last week were Billy Wylie, Lizzie Barrett, Sadie Connelly, Grace Munroe, Lola Chase, Ida Brandt, E. Woolcott, Harry Wilkinson and Ned North.

THE ARNOLD COMBINATION exhibited in Longview, Texas, March 23, Marshall 24, and are billed in Jefferson 26, Texarkana 27, Clarksville 28, Paris 29, Bonham 30, Sherman 31, Denison April 1.

TRAPEZE ACCIDENT.—Alta Hallett, while performing on the trapeze in the Theatre Comique, New Haven, Ct., the past week, fell and broke both bones in one leg below the knee. She is now at the Austin House, in that city.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Louisville, Ky., did an unusually good business the past week. Miss Grace Garland, Miss Lou Hyams, Davis and Mathey, Miss Lulu Francis and Frank Jones were the new features March 19. Stage-manager Harris closed 24 to go to the Coliseum, Cincinnati. Edward Chrissie fills his place 26.

PAT REILLY, Irish comedian, vocalist and dancer, publishes in our advertising department testimonials from managers which praise his make-up and performances.

THE ORRIN BROTHERS' COMPANY, which is to open in the Alibiu Theatre, Havana, Cuba, Sunday, April 1, will include Miss Louise Boshell on the floating wire; Emma Jutau, gymnast; Venus and Adonis, velocipede riders; Neemea Celeste, serio-comic; Fanny Caselli and Sarah Hulda, dancers; Matt Morgan Statue Troupe of eight female performers; G. W. Brown, gymnast; Adams and Lee, musical mokes; August Lehman, pantomimic clown; Edward Roop, with stereoscopic views of the Centennial Exhibition; Albert Martinetti, pantomimist; Edward and Willie Ainsley, Ethiopian specialties; August Siegrist, horizontal-bar performer; Mons. Pedanto, globe-performer; William Goodison, magician and ventriloquist; the Orrin Brothers, acrobats; Prof. A. E. Voos, leader of orchestra; and Robert Honeywood, stage-manager.

THE BELLA UNION THEATRE, Deadwood, Black Hills, D. T., is reported as doing a good business. In the minstrel first-part Tom Miller and John Jenkins appeared on the ends, with J. W. Wilson as interlocutor. The company also includes Flora Bell, Lotta Stacy, Emma Irving, Miss Parsloe, Billy Kirby, Charles E. Stacy, J. Griffith, James Gladstone, and Billy Robinson.

AT THE METROPOLITAN, Indianapolis, Ind., the attendance has been good. Among the latest features presented were the wonderful gymnastic feats of the Milton Jaspers and the specialties of the Cawthorne Children.

BUSINESS continues good at the Coliseum, Erie, Pa. Carrie Lewis, Kate Morris, George W. Murray, and Sam Dearin opened March 19. Minnie Gray opens 26.

WASHBURN'S SPECIALTY TROUPE gave entertainments in Tarport, Pa., March 19, Canister, N. Y., 20, Addison 21, Wellsburg 22, Athens, Pa., 23, and Waverly, N. Y., 24. Gus Wilder is the advance-agent.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

CALLENDER'S MINSTRELS performed in Buffalo, N. Y., March 19, 20, 21, Rochester 22, Auburn 26, Oswego 27, Utica 28, Troy 29, Albany 30, 31.

MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS are to show in Frankford, Ky., March 26, Lexington 27, Maysville 28, Portsmouth, O., 29, Ironton 30, Pomeroy 31, Parkersburg, W. Va., April 2, Marietta 3, Wheeling 4, Washington, Pa., 5, and Pittsburg 6, 7.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS, under the management of Charles A. Crusoe, are traveling through the Territories, and were in Walla Walla, W. T., last week.

FIVE ADDITIONAL PEOPLE have been added to Callender's Minstrels, viz., Thompson and Gaines, song-and-dance; the Infant Kersands, "Douglass, champion pugilist;" and Field, comedian.

KARL STEELE joined Emerson's Minstrels in Akron, O., March 21, and Billy Rice is to do so in Cincinnati 26.

HAVERLY'S NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS are in Texas.

CHARLES CALLENDER, proprietor of Callender's Georgia Minstrels, was on March 19 made the happy father of a fine girl weighing eight pounds.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are billed in Utica, N. Y., March 28, Troy 29, Albany 30, 31, and open a short season in Boston, Mass., April 2.

"HAPPY" CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS are billed in Wooster, O., March 31, Youngstown April 2, Bucyrus 3, Crestline 4, Galion 5, Delaware 6, and open in Cincinnati 9 for one week.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS showed in Utica, N. Y., March 22, Little Falls 23, Troy 24, and are billed in Albany 26, Cohoes 27, and Saratoga 28.

SPRAGUE & BLODGETT'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS were in St. Joseph, Mo., March 20, Liberty 21, Kansas City 22, Brunswick 23, Paris 24, and are to show in Hannibal 26, Jacksonville, Ill., 27. Two musicians are wanted for this company. Address W. C. Harris, as per advertisement.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS open in Buffalo, N. Y., March 26, for one week, and show in Erie, Pa., April 2, Cleveland, O., 3, Akron 4, Columbus 5, Springfield 6, Dayton 7. Business is reported as excellent. An extra tenor and a good basso are advertised for.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS performed in Charleston, S. C., March 19, 20, to large audiences. They go to Columbia, Augusta, Savannah and Atlanta.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS have closed their season in Philadelphia, and are now making a tour of the States. They are billed to perform in Reading, Pa., March 28.

CIRCUSES.

Dan Rice's Show, Circus, Menagerie and Trained Animal Exhibition.

THE PROPRIETORS AND OFFICERS for the coming season are as follow: Proprietor and manager, Dan Rice; ringmaster director, J. J. Showles; manager of menagerie, Harry Buckley.

CLOWNS—Dan Rice, W. Wheeler and C. Hickey.

CIRCUS COMPANY—Mme. Showles, Miss Gussie Lowando, Master Willie Showles, Marquez, riders; J. J. Showles, juggler; Joe Berry, principal tumbler; Lowando Marks and Master Willie, acrobats and gymnasts; John Lowando, trapeze.

TRICK HORSES—Dan Rice's trained horses, goat and buffalo, the blind horse "Excelsior" and trick mules Pete and Barney.

NUMBER OF TENTS—Two; concert managed by Capt. Orrell and Lew Buckley.

Show is now traveling by boat on the Mississippi River, and after reaching St. Louis, Mo., will reorganize as above, and commence a Summer tour, also by boat, on or about April 20.

THE STEINAU JEWELRY COMPANY of Cincinnati, O., insert an advertisement on the eighth page of this paper, in which are engravings of samples of their cheap jewelry, with prices of the packages and lists of the contents of each package. This company have for years made a specialty of the manufacture and importation of cheap jewelry, and dealers will do well to send to them for a specimen.

D. F. DUNHAM has rented the sideshow and candy privilege with the Great New York Circus, which will travel through the oil regions of Pennsylvania for the first four weeks, going from there into Ohio, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois. The attractions offered will tend to filling the house with delighted audiences during the past week. For this week the following new people will appear: Henry Kennedy, Billy Noonan, Alice Bateman, C. H. Yale, Williams and Martin, and Miss Lizzie Carlton.

CANDY-BUTCHERS desiring engagements are requested to address Mead & Peltier, as per advertisement.

"THE ARENA."—This is the name of a snug little saloon recently started by the well-known Frank Whittaker at No. 350 Fourth avenue, between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth streets. The genial Frank is so well and favorably known that it is only necessary to give this notice of his location to insure the hearty congratulations and good wishes of his many friends in and out of the circus profession.

ADOLPHE BERNABO, somersault-rider, can be engaged with horse. See card.

ABELARDO LOWANDE can be addressed as per card for an engagement in his somersault, padriding specialty.

JAMES BRADLEY.—The obsequies of this veteran circus-man, who died early on the morning of March 20, and a sketch of whose career will be found among our "Amusement Annals" on an outside page, occurred in Cincinnati on March 22, the interment being in Spring-grove Cemetery. The remains were inclosed in a rosewood-finished metallic casket, ornamented in silver and gold, and the pallbearers were Andrew Erkenbrecher, C. S. Brown, William Loder, Frank Ernst, Capt. William Chenoweth, William Von Phul, Geo. Bailey and James Robinson. The cortege was large, and included twenty-five carriages. Religious services were held at the grave, as well as at the house, that of Uncle John Robinson, whence the cortege moved.

MONS. FERDINANDO, fire-king and Punch-and-Judy performer, advertises that he can be engaged for the season.

CIRCUS ARTISTS and concert performers desiring engagements are requested to address Davis & Co., as per card. They have an elephant for sale.

THE GREAT FOREPAUGH SHOW will exhibit in Philadelphia for five days, opening April 2, at Broad and Columbia avenue, and then making a stand at Eleventh and Wharton streets.

WM. BROWN, the well-known equestrian, having returned from his South American tour, is now prepared to accept engagements. He publishes his address elsewhere.

ALLEN'S SILVER CORNET BAND of ten pieces, from Jamestown, N. Y., are engaged with the Great Metropolitan Olympiad and Trained-animal Show, which travels by rail, and opens at Nashville, Tenn., about April 20.

DEN HOWE and Lizzie Shelton are to travel with Howe's London Circus the coming season.

A BALLOONIST, who can furnish his own balloon, and a phrenologist to work in sideshow are wanted by D. F. Dunham, who also advertises that he would like to hear from Aleck Thompson, Charles Henderson and Dan Headly.

W. W. COLES' CIRCUS is to open the season in Memphis, Tenn., April 2, 3. The General Council of the city, holding in memory the many favors extended to her citizens by Mr. Coup, who has wintered there, unanimously passed a resolution granting him the privileges of the city free of license.

NEW CANVASES, bunting, flags, etc., are in demand about this season of the year, and we would advise our circus and sideshow friends to send to James Martin & Son for a price-list before ordering elsewhere. Their address can be found in our advertising department.

KIDD'S patent circus lights can be purchased of Taylor & Bassemir, who advertise.

THE KINGCADE FAMILY in equestrian, gymnastic and specialty acts are open for engagements. See card.

THAYER'S GREAT ORIENTAL CIRCUS, which is to travel by rail and boat, starts from Baltimore, Md., about May 1. Concert, candy-stand and other privileges are to rent, and a treasurer is wanted. See advertisement.

CLAUDE WILLIAMS has canceled his engagement with Adam Forepaugh's Show, and will travel the coming season with Montgomery Queen's Circus and Menagerie as press-agent.

PERFORMERS in all branches of the circus business are wanted by Sells Bros., who also advertise three English pads for sale.

AN AUCTION SALE of sideshow property is to take place at advertised address, March 31.

A SIDESHOW, known as Dante's "Dream of Hell," can be purchased of G. B. Bunnell, who advertises.

THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE are engaged for the North American Circus the coming season: E. W. Perry, Minnie Perry, W. W. Nichols, Arline Brothers, Luprolli Family, Hercules Libby, Kate Partington, and Ada Isaacs, female jester. S. St. French's cornet band will furnish the music.

TWO LADY trapeze performers are wanted by W. W. Cole, who advertises.

DR. RAPHAEL, the father-in-law of Mike Lipman, who attempted suicide in Cincinnati, O., March 20, died from the effects 21. He was a man of great wealth, and had figured as an astrologist in New York, St. Louis and Cincinnati.

A QUANTITY OF CIRCUS PROPERTY, comprising wagons, tents, dresses, sideshow outfits, etc., can be purchased at Wm. J. Metchear's address. Mr. Metchear, in his card, states that he will sell the above property or lease it on favorable terms, and that he always stands ready to purchase any old circus outfits that may be offered. He will send a descriptive circular on requ...

A HORSE with eight feet and the outfit of a sideshow, including an organ, are advertised for sale by George Johnson Sr.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROF. J. D. LANTRE, magician with gifts, exhibited in Strasburg, Pa., March 19, 20, and 21, Downington 22, 23, 24. He will show in Waynesburg 26, 27, 28, New Holland 29, 30, 31, Manheim April 2, 3, 4, and Marietta 5, 6, 7.

FIRE.—Miller's Hall, Murfreesboro, Tenn., was burned March 18, catching from an adjoining building. The hall was built about nine years ago by Henry Miller, at a cost of $20,000. It was furnished with scenery, etc. It was insured for $5,000.

SIR RANDAL ROBERTS made his debut in Boston, Mass., March 14, in Horticultural Hall, under the auspices of the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, giving readings from Shakespeare and Samuel Lover. He is highly commended by the local press.

ANDY SCOTT is requested to send his address to Fred, as per card.

QUINBY OPERA-HOUSE, Wooster, O., can be rented by applying as per card.

NEW MUSIC HALL, Thorold, Canada, a recently-completed building, can be secured by traveling companies. See J. C. Lampman's advertisement. The hall is 62 by 27 feet in size, and is furnished with a stage 16 by 27 feet.

LYCEUM THEATRE, this city, can be rented by applying to D. Kingsland's address, advertised elsewhere.

A CARD from the Liberty Hall Billposting Company of New Bedford, Mass., published in this issue, states that they are prepared to post on their own boards in every part of that city at the usual rates.

SIGNOR BOSCO, magician, is billed to perform in Tronesta, Pa., March 26, 27, 28, Tidioute 29, 30, 31, and Greenville April 2, 3, 4.

BILLPOSTERS are requested to send their addresses and terms to J. C. Allan & Co., who advertise.

NEW CITY OPERA-HOUSE, Troy, O., recently completed, is described as having a seating capacity of 600, a stage 56 by 40 feet, ten changes of scenery, painted by Tryon & Graham, and all the accomodations of a first-class house. The rental and other particulars are published in Jesse Shilling's card, in another column.

S. WILLIS, property-maker and machinist, advertises elsewhere.

AN

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage, extra. Single copies, 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 50 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cut and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING, 88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE NEW YORK
CLIPPER ALMANAC
FOR 1877

CONTAINS A TABLE OF FASTEST RECORDED TIME, ETC., THEATRICAL CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, SPORTING CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, A REVIEW OF THE BASEBALL SEASON OF 1876, AND OTHER USEFUL INFORMATION.

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EDWARD BARRETT,
CHARACTER ACTOR AND COMEDIAN.
READ THE FOLLOWING RECOMMENDATIONS AS TO ABILITY, ETC.

MR. BARRETT, who is a very talented comedian, has been under my management during this season, and given the best of satisfaction.—J. H. HAVERLY.

Really a gifted young comedian, who does not resort to vulgarity, and whose "make-up" and conception of every character is artistic. Would rather have him than any stock comedian I ever had in my employ.—EDWIN CLIFFORD.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1874.

Has been my first comedian since the commencement of the present season; and I take great pleasure in saying that I have always found him prompt, perfect, and painstaking.—JAMES F. SHERRY.

APRIL 29, 1 72.

MR. BARRETT has been under my management for the last thirteen months. He is a good comedian, a fine character actor, and possesses much versatility. He is strictly temperate and entirely reliable.—D. HANCHETT.

JULY 10, 1 7 .

MR. EDWARD BARRETT has played the part of Gi po in "The Black Crook" for the past twelve weeks, and made himself an immense favorite wherever he appeared. I heartily recommend him to any manager requiring a first-class low comedian.
PALMER & CO., Managers.
CHAS. F. HERBERT, Stage-manager.
NOTE.—MR. EDWARD BARRETT has resumed his own name, and is no longer known as Edward Barry.
Address all letters until May 1 to
EDWARD BARRETT,
Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill.
1-2t*

VIOLIN! VIOLIN! VIOLIN!
One hundred and forty original clog-hornpipes, reels, jigs, walk-arounds, Scotch and Irish reels and jigs, arranged for violin, by George H. Coes. Price 75 cents. Mailed postpaid. LOUIS P. GOULLAUD,
86 Tremont street, Boston.
1-tf

FOR SALE—A new set of Flying Horses, cheap. F. WOOD, Vernon, N. J.
[1-1t*]

BUFFALO ACADEMY OF MUSIC TO RENT OR ON SHARES,
by the night or week, during the months of
MAY, JUNE, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.
Will be closed in JULY for extensive alterations.
Apply by mail or telegraph to
MEECH BROS., Buffalo, N. Y.

A complete dramatic company wanted for the season of 1877 and '78. Inclose no stamp. Silence a respectful negative.
1-1t

C. ORCUTT, better known as Scoldey, wants a situation as Programmer. Will work for small salary. Address care George Buckley, 420½ N. 6th st., St. Louis, Mo.
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"COME HOME, MY DARLING, TO ME," and "LITTLE LENA, THE LASSIE I LOVE." New and beautiful songs, with chorus, by Rutledge, 35c. each. Issued in '77. Over 10,000 copies sold. H. G. HOLLENBERG, Publisher, 294 Main st., Memphis, Tenn. 1-2t

MANAGERS AND AGENTS,
ATTENTION.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
A. MONTPELIER.....Proprietor
This popular place of amusement has been THOROUGHLY RENOVATED,
NEWLY CARPETED,
NEW OPERA-CHAIRS, AND
HANDSOMELY DECORATED.
IS FOR RENT by the night, week, or sharing terms.
Address as above. 1-1t

NEW MAGIC TRICKS.
THE CHINESE CORD FEAT,
the most marvelous trick ever invented, 40cts. Oracle trick, 15cts. Latest catalogue, 3cts. Ten good tricks, with full apparatus, for 50cts. QUEEN & CO.,
1-3t* 3 Block street, Stoneham, Mass.

PHRENOLOGICAL
PRIVILEGE WANTED
WITH A SIDESHOW
traveling with a circus privilege. Money paid weekly in advance.
Answer immediately, stating terms, to
PROF. C. MAXWELL,
1-1t* 1,013 Chestnut street, St. Louis, Mo.

WHITE HOUSE VARIETIES,
72 Fifth avenue, PITTSBURG, PA. LAWRENCE SPROAL, proprietor. Wanted—First-class artists in all branches, ladies especially. SALARY SURE.
1-7t*

VARIETY SKETCHES, SONGS, ACTS, GAGS, JOKES, DRAMAS, STUMP-SPEECHES, FARCES, BURLESQUES, and original novelties of all kinds written to order by J. DAVEAU,
1-tf 116 South First st., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

WANTED, TO TRAVEL
WITH GOWAN'S GRAND ORGANIZATION,
TWO LADY SERIO-COMIC VOCALISTS,
WITH OTHER SPECIALTIES,
AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF VARIETY TALENT; ALSO, GOOD BASSO-SINGER, who can do other business, and LEADER OF ORCHESTRA, who can lead in brass. Must be strictly temperate. Salaries must be to suit the times, but are sure. Apply to JOHN GOWAN, Gowan's Opera-house, Ottawa, Canada. 1-1t

DIXON OPERA-HOUSE, DIXON, ILL. Just completed. Capacity, 1,500. Full scenery and drop-curtain, dressing-rooms, etc. Address
1-1t* H. J. STEPHENS JR. or F. A. FREEMAN.

TO GYMNASTS.
C. H. HAWKINS, No. 115 East 13th street, New York, maker of Gymnastic Apparatus, Horizontal Bars, Steel Centre; Dancing Barrels, Leaping Boards and Bars, etc., etc. Send stamp for circular. 1-8t*

LELAND OPERA-HOUSE, ALBANY,
will rent or play on sharing terms during the months of May, June, July and August. Address
J. W. ALBAUGH.
Stock engagements filled for season of '77 and '78. 1-12t

WANTED, FOR THE ORIGINAL LOUISIANA JUBILEE SINGERS AND BRASS BAND, ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability. People with fine specialties, that can play brass and string, preferred. Address, stating lowest salary,
ED. F. DAVIS,
1-1t* Drawer 315, Kalamazoo, Mich.

CIRCUS PROPERTY FOR SALE CHEAP.—One Pole-wagon, one Baggage-wagon, one Ticket-wagon, one Plank-wagon. All in complete order. Address WILLIAM H. FERGUSON, Agent,
1-4t* Ringtown, Schuylkill County, Pa.

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY.—Fine assortment of tricks for stage or parlor; also juggling-balls, knives, etc. All goods well finished. Send 15c. for illustrated catalogue, or 3c. for price-list. THOS. W. TOST, No. 35 North Ninth st., Philadelphia, Pa. 1-6t*

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KID'S
PATENT LIGHTS,
PRICES REDUCED,
are the
CHEAPEST, BEST, AND MOST DURABLE.
SOLE AGENTS,
TAYLOR & BASSEMIR,
1-32t* 97 Cliff street, N. Y.

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OPERA-HOUSE. R. E. STANTON, Proprietor.
H. H. SCRIBNER, Agent.
Terms, $35 per night, includes Ushers, Stage-hands, Janitor, Light and Heating. 1-7t*

TO AMATEURS.—WIGS, BEARDS, moustaches, colored fires, tableau lights, magnesium lights, burnt cork, clown white, Indian red, rouge, blanc, lightning, flash-lights, and everything requisite for exhibitions at lowest prices. Send stamp for price-list to JAS. F. CROSBIEN, 8 Lafayette place, New York. 1-8t*

MOZART HALL,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Now; seats 600; full scenery; patronage good. City on railway, with 5,000 population. 1-3t*

FOR SALE CHEAP,
COSMORAMA. Address A. ROBBINS, 80 Loomis street, Chicago, Ill. 1-2t

NEW THEATRE IN BRIDGEPORT, CT. HAWES' OPERA-HOUSE.
Erection began last August. Will be ready to book all first-class entertainments after April 20. On ground floor. Seated with 1,150 opera-chairs. For full particulars, rent, sharing terms, etc., address JOHN N. NEAR, Business-manager. 1-11t*

MASONIC OPERA-HOUSE,
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.
Seating capacity, 500. A full set of scenery, drop-curtain, footlights, etc. Ample dressing-rooms. Population, 6,000. Terms reasonable. Address G. A. CULVER,
1-10t* Secretary, Annapolis, Maryland.

W. R. COTTRILL,
THE ST. LOUIS
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OWNS ALL THE BOARDS.
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MAGICAL MANUFACTORY.—A variety of very elegant illusions, Punch-and-Judy Figures and Ventriloquial Heads, always on hand. Enlarged Wizards' Wonderful Chest, chock full of wonders; six tricks and instructions for sixteen others, with Maclin's Opening and Concluding Speeches. Free by mail for 25c. Davenport Rope Trick, 7c. Inclose stamp for price-lists, or 15c. for two large illustrated catalogues. Address
1-6t* W. J. JUDD, 131 Henry street, N. Y.

WANTED,
THEATRICAL COMBINATIONS,
MINSTREL AND VARIETY TROUPES
TO OCCUPY
MOZART HALL, HANNIBAL, MO.
All troupes this season have been favored with crowded houses. Terms to suit the times. Billposting by the new billposter, Frank Sanders. Will endeavor to make it to your interest to stop with us. Address, by mail or telegram, PROPRIETOR MOZART HALL, Hannibal, Mo. 1-7t*

GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE,
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PRESENTATION
TO THE
Vaidis Twin Sisters
IN CHEYENNE, MARCH 17.
The two little girls, whose wonderful performances on the trapeze have for ten weeks past been the theme of admiration of the theatre-going portion of the public, were made last night the recipients of some very handsome testimonials presented by Mr. McDaniel at his elegant theatre. The presents consist of two beautiful medals, the production of Messrs. Joslin & Park, the well-known jewelers. They are elegant in construction, and have suitable inscriptions engraved upon them. Mr. Willie Gill, the stage-manager, was entrusted with the task of presenting them to the two little ladies, when he made the following remarks: "My dear young ladies, on behalf of Mr. McDaniel it is my pleasing duty to present you with these testimonials of his appreciation of your artistic abilities and respect for your social characters. When wearing these he trusts you will not look upon them as mere managerial advertisements, but as coming from one who is always eager to encourage talent, and anxious to foster the interests of the higher branches of the profession to which you belong. Mr. McDaniel also hopes that you will always meet with similar warm friends to those who have applauded your efforts here, and trusts that you will not regard these presents as coming from a manager who was benefited by your talents, but from a warm friend, who will always be glad to hear of your prosperity." To this the Vaidis Sisters made answer as follows: "Mr. Gill, please convey to Mr. McDaniel our sincere thanks for his elegant presents, and assure him that we shall wear and value them as long as we shall live." It was quite an interesting ceremony, and is as creditable to Mr. McDaniel's generosity and willingness to reward talent, as it must be gratifying to the clever little Vaidis Sisters. 1-1t*

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Being informed that several parties are circulating injurious reports concerning my theatre, I consider it a simple act of justice towards myself and the decent performers who have played for me to publish this card. And I take this occasion to request VARIETY PERFORMERS, male and female, in this section of the country, to write for a date. If not answered, write again at some future time. No HAMS or DRUNKARDS need apply. Good performers have been sure of their money promptly on salary day. Subjoined are the names of LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who have recently played under my management, and whose names are guaranties that I faithfully perform all promises.
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Manager Smith's Opera-house.
The Milton Jaspers (Newton, Thomas, Clinton and Miss Marie), Chas. O. White, Frank Carlton, Miss Leonora Bradley, Miss Sadie Hasson, Miss Ione Lang, Miss Hattie Hawthorne, Hennessy Brothers (Frank and James), Miss Frankie Howard, Miss Eva Whitney, Miss Georgie Parker, Prof. O. W. Wilkinson, Prof. George Barnard, Frank Titus, Prof. Quirin Bachler, Homer and Holly and Dan Griffin.
Grand Rapids, March 21. 1-1t*

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THE CLIPPER recently commended a beautiful lithograph, gotten up in gorgeous colors and a high style of art, which it received from Mr. Samuel Hague of Liverpool. I also desire to add a kind word of praise to Mr. Hague's lithographic gem, and further desire to commend his taste and judgment in making so accurate a copy (which it is) of the lithograph made expressly for
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by THE N. Y. GRAPHIC. It is not only an exact copy in design, but even the eight colors are closely duplicated, and the plantation sketches ably imitated in every detail. Mr. Hague's good taste in using such a good copy, and the English company's art in so effectively reproducing Mr Callender's work, are worthy of praise from an esthetic point of view; but it causes the original possessors to tearfully deplore friend Hague's hypothecation.

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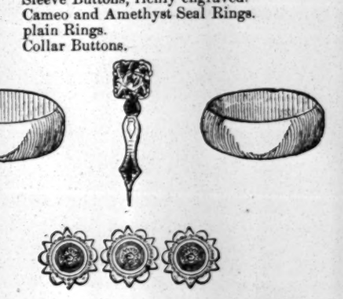

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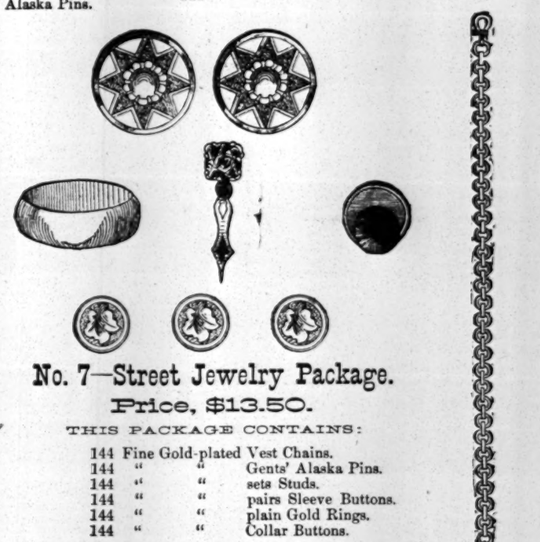

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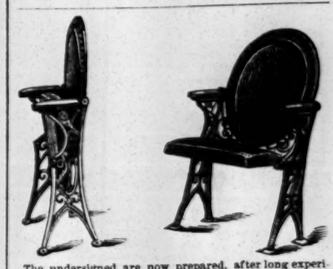

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